

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 11.]

BOSTON, MARCH 1, 1827.

[VOL. 6, N. 8.]

MARRIAGES.

Had you ever a cousin, Tom?—

Did your cousin happen to sing?—

Sisters we've all by the dozen, Tom,

But a cousin's a different thing.

I once had a cousin who sang, Tom,

But her name shall be nameless now;

And the sound of her voice is still young, Tom,

Though we are no longer so.

It is folly to dream of a bower of green,

When there is not a leaf on the tree;

But, 'twixt walking and singing, that cousin has been,

God forgive her! the ruin of me.

WERE not the piquant and graceful verses which have furnished the motto of these recollections of days long past, too much extended for me to quote in the narrow limits which I have prescribed for myself, I would not deny the stranger who may while away a few minutes in the perusal of a sad and simple tale, the whole of a poem, which would aptly illustrate the narrative. I am falling into the yellow sare of life, but my feelings are nearly as vivid as they were six-and-twenty years ago.

Early smitten with a soldier's life, some time previous to the remote date which I have mentioned, I wrung an unwilling consent from my father; and, instead of studying divinity at Oxford, procured a pair of colours and followed Abercrombie to Egypt. Mine is a tale of love, and therefore I pass over the events of war. I was wounded severely, though not dangerously, in several engagements: my ardour in the service rendered me regardless of prudence, and I scarcely allowed these gaping memorials of recent action

time to close, before I rushed into the field again. Over-exertion, weakness from loss of blood, and the unhealthiness of the climate, reduced me to the brink of the grave; and I was carried on board ship with little probability of reaching England alive. I did reach it, and the sight of its green shores seemed to revivify my fainting breath: a single day's rest performed wonders; and I was able to proceed on my journey home without appearing an absolute spectre. I had not been absent long enough for time to have wrought any change in that beloved home: every thing, within many miles of the place, appeared as I had left it on my last departure; the hedges were decked in the bloom of spring; the sun, with tempered ray, was shining on the old accustomed oaks; and the birds were singing merrily, as if to welcome the wanderer back.

One of my oldest friends hobbled out from his neat dwelling at the turnpike, to take the toll; and as, placing a dollar in his hand, I told him not to trouble himself about the change, my voice revealed the secret

which my altered features had failed to discover. A bright smile lighted up the old man's weather-beaten countenance, when he recognized the plague and playfellow, so often his torment and his delight. "Ah, Master Frank!" he cried, "this will be a joyful day at the rectory!" It was indeed a joyful day. A tufted grove hid the picturesque mansion from my view: a few yards forward, an angle of the road was passed; and there it lay, sequestered in a romantic nook, in all its beauty, the lofty woods of Abbeyville rising behind it, the front opening upon a rich tract of low lands, clustered with villages, and luxuriantly clothed with trees; and to the right a fissure, sloping down to deeper solitudes, shady dells, wherein a babbling stream rushed on its bright and rapid course, and, shooting far off into the distant plains, reflecting the sun-beams in its wide mirror, was now liquid diamond, and now crimsoned with the ruby glow of evening. The dream which had often visited me while sleeping on the burning sands of the desert was realized: instead of opening my eyes to wide and trackless wastes—a fierce sky above—and rocks below—the wild figures of Arabs flitting around—the strange unwieldy shapes of the baggage camels, and their dissonant cries, not unfrequently mingled with the jackall's melancholy howl—savage sights, and savage sounds,—all was fresh and smiling, quietude and repose.

The letter apprizing my family of my arrival in England had reached them only two hours before my chaise drove through the gate, opened wide to admit it. My straining eyes, as I came down the hill, had caught faces at the windows. Assembled in the porch I found all whom I had expected to see—nay, more than all; for, retiring behind my five sisters, stood a strange fair girl, with a countenance beaming with animation and pleasure, as though she fully shared in the happiness of those affectionate relatives. My mother drew her forward, as she observed her shrinking

back, while we entered the hall; introduced her as my cousin, and, sanctioned by the closeness of the connexion, and the warm overflowing feelings of the moment, I clasped her in my arms and held her to my heart. Never did a more delighted group meet in the large antique, yet most comfortable and well-appointed parlour of the rectory before. The day was balmy, and the odorous breath of the spring flowers came wafted by a soft breeze through the open windows. Seated on a sofa, a sister on each side, two others leaning over the back, with each a fond arm twined around my neck, and the fifth crouched upon a low stool at my feet; my venerable parents, their eyes turned up to heaven in pious gratitude, seated in two arm-chairs opposite, with my fair cousin between them, as if to supply the place of their daughters—a lovely familiar prospect of the adjacent country before me, no wish remained unsatisfied.

The hero of the day, I was called upon to relate my adventures by flood and field, and Othello himself never poured out his imminent perils in the deadly breach to more greedy and approving ears. I, in return, had a tale to ask, and it was of that fair, sweet kinswoman, of whom I had scarcely heard before, and whom I now beheld for the first time. The brief story of her short but interesting life was told by my eldest sister in a few words. She was the only child of a deceased uncle; and her mother having with indecent haste married a second time, ere those shoes were old with which she followed her first husband to the grave, the sorrowing daughter, disgusted with the new relative, thus suddenly introduced to her, sought and found a home amid her father's family.

In the course of a few days the joy at the rectory became sobered into less tumultuous happiness. In a month I had received and paid a round of congratulatory visits, had examined every nook and corner which had been the scene of my boyish sports, and rushed with impatient

desire to all my favourite haunts. At the end of this period we resumed our old quiet habits; I felt myself more truly at home, a free agent, no longer obliged to quit the *sanctum sanctorum* of my own apartment in order to shew myself to some, perchance to an indifferent acquaintance, who, urged by curiosity and the love of gadding, had travelled eight or ten miles on purpose to welcome Captain (military men were all captains in these days) Frank home again. I felt at liberty to be social, or solitary, as inclination directed. My sisters were active girls, and all had some particular department, either in or out of the house, which took up a considerable portion of their time and attention: my father divided the chief part of the day between the duties of his sacred office, and the enjoyment of a studious mind, feeding upon books; my mother, a second Lady Bountiful, was always busy, and the cousin and myself were the only two idle persons. She, poor girl, depressed and out of spirits, was too nervous and restless to fix herself to any pursuit; and while indulging her in her love of sauntering, my mother was wont to regret that she had not been trained to a better method of employing that fleeting and valuable gift of time. Much might have been urged in excuse for her listlessness. She still mourned deeply, both in her outward garb and in the recesses of her heart, for the parent she had lost. We became, at first undesignedly, afterwards from preference, constant companions, and each seemed to take peculiar pleasure in the other's society. My sisters were all excellent florists; but her taste inclined to botany, and the love of wild flowers, herbs, and grasses, led her beyond the garden to meadows, banks, and hedgerows and tangled copses, places which I loved to visit. There was sufficient danger from vicious cattle, fierce dogs, and gipsy vagrants, to render an escort serviceable: I could do no less than offer the protection of a soldier's arm against the possibility of encoun-

tering perils, of which the apprehension had more than once rendered her a prisoner in the narrow bounds of the rectory. We were neither of us very strong; and soon, conscious of considerable fatigue, a style shaded with alders, or the trunk of a tree felled conveniently under some blooming hawthorn, presented so many temptations to repose our wearied frames, that we frequently availed ourselves of these resting-places, and, once seated, hours flew away like minutes. She talked to me of her father, of the fond hopes of her childhood, and of the kindness which she had experienced at the rectory. The most delightful spots on which to recline at ease and view earth's fair creations springing around, occurred amid the towering heights and swelling woods of Abbeyville. Its superb park and splendid mansion had been long untenanted: the heir, left a minor in his infancy, and brought up at a distance from his largest estate, had rarely if ever seen it, and had now taken advantage of the peace to visit the Continent. One of the most elevated points commanded a view both of the house attached to this magnificent domain, and of the rectory below. The ancient building, which had been in older times the domicile of a sleek brotherhood of monks, who ruled the country round with not ungentle sway, during the period of papal supremacy in England, having sustained serious injury from fire, was re-erected by some tasteless possessor, in the Italian style of architecture—an extensive and superb edifice, but far less suited to the surrounding scenery than the old abbey had been. Its splendid corinthian portico and wide-spreading wings, its balustraded roof adorned with statues, seemed more fitted for the palace of some bright city, than for a retreat in sylvan solitudes. The parsonage, formerly an appendage to the abbey, which had preserved its original character, built of dark grey stone with jutting windows, flanked with corresponding buttresses, and fretted with

the rich ornaments so profusely lavished upon the creations of the middle ages, was a more beautiful and picturesque object, and assimilated much better with the rural landscape. But although I secretly agreed with my cousin, that my paternal home was certainly more adapted for comfort, nay even for happiness, than the grand cold mansion which spread its proud marble columns upon the green-sward, yet I could not repress a sentiment akin to envy when I thought of the possessor, and of his power to choose a partner for life, without reference to any thing beyond her virtues and her charms. My fair companion loved to expatiate upon the calm joys of retirement, the comparatively light responsibility of a private station, and the felicity of being able to retain such a home as that which I had quitted for the tented field. Sometimes, indeed, when a herd of deer swept bounding by, or the queen birds arched their stately necks as they floated gracefully over the still waters of a lake which formed the centre of a wide and richly wooded amphitheatre, she would smile, and say, that though she did not covet wealth, she could not deny its power to purchase much of innocent and rational delight. The swan, as it "floats double, swan and shadow—" the stag at gaze, or springing forward like the wind, or couchant in its green lair—are accessories to woodland scenery which the rich alone can command.

I now began to reflect seriously upon my future prospects. My father was extremely urgent for me to quit the army and devote myself to the church; and, no longer the self-willed boy, thinking only of his own gratification, I perceived the amazing advantage of this measure for my sisters. The living had been vested in our family by purchase; and, besides the pleasure which it would afford my parents, I should be much better enabled to support these dear girls by taking orders, than by any other means. Still, even if I were to relinquish the profession of my choice,

under the present circumstances I hardly dared to think of marriage; on the other hand, if I could prevail upon the woman I loved to share the toils and anxieties of a military life, a long peace might intervene, in which I should have no possibility of obtaining promotion. I scarcely knew how to resolve, there seemed so little chance of my having it in my power, for many weary years, to support a wife. I wavered, hesitated; but at length my father's earnest entreaties, my mother's tears, the supplicating looks of my sisters, and above all, the soft persuasions of my cousin, decided me, and I resigned my commission. It seemed as if this act of duty would meet with more than its reward. There came a rumour of the death of a distant relation in Canada; and in the event of there being no subsequent will, I must succeed as the heir. Visions of paradise floated before me; but while this accession of property was doubtful, I felt compelled to conceal my transports. I said enough, however, quite enough for my cousin to understand that I only awaited the certainty of independence to throw myself at her feet: and though she turned her eyes away, and told me that I must not speak on the subject, she smiled and blushed, and did not look displeased. In the mean time we continued our walks, and our dissertations upon the vanity of all the gew-gaw trappings attached to pomp and splendour. One day, on our return home, we found the whole family in high glee, discussing the merits of the rich owner of Abbeyville. He had, it appeared, suddenly quitted the Continent, and arrived at his splendid ancestral seat. Lucy, the loveliest of my sisters, had seen and conversed with him at the house of a friend, and all the female tongues were rallying her upon the impression which she had made. Lucy reported her new acquaintance to be exceedingly handsome, and particularly courteous in his manners. He furnished a topic for the whole evening, and the next day my cousin

and I were fortunate enough to be able to judge for ourselves. While resting as usual upon our favourite seat, the gnarled trunk of a prostrate oak, in a part of the grounds of Abbeyville, in which there was a path open to the public, though little frequented, and which, consequently, prevented all unpleasant fears of being thought intrusive, she, warbling one of those sweet wild ditties, to which, as so peculiarly suited to the greenwood shade, I loved to listen, the lord of the soil passed on horseback at a very convenient distance. Screened from observation, we could indulge our curiosity without scruple. I was not displeased to hear my cousin's remark, that Lucy had overrated his attractions. His beauty was of too coarse and common a kind to suit her somewhat fastidious taste; and she observed that he sat awkwardly in his saddle. I had not perceived these blemishes; but I gave her credit for superior discrimination, and looked upon him and his ample fields with an unprejudiced eye. In the course of a few days I was summoned to London, by one of the executors of my deceased relative's will; and though informed that the property bequeathed to me was considerably embarrassed, I commenced my journey, filled with joyful hope that I should return in possession of such a competence as would gratify the moderate wishes of my beloved. The letters which I received from home were very cheering; it was the opinion of all the family that Lucy had made a conquest of the lord of the manor; he distinguished her by the most flattering attentions, and her sisters had made her promise to advance me to a bishopric in the event of her becoming mistress of Abbeyville. I rejoiced at the expectation of this dear girl's good fortune, but confess that I was selfish enough to be more gratified by the information that my cousin practised all my favourite songs. Ah! those songs, their gentle warblings thrilled for ever in my ears. These delightful communications lightened my

task, as I laboured through dry, tedious, irksome forms of law, the more annoying as I was thoroughly ignorant of all business. I was detained for more than a week at the country-house of one of the executors, and, expecting to return to town every day, I did not give orders for my letters to be forwarded: to my surprise I found that one only awaited me at my hotel—it was brief, mysterious, and distressing. Lucy was very ill, and my cousin had gone home. Home—what home had she but the rectory? I could not endure the agony of suspense; and, leaving every thing unsettled, I ordered a chaise and four and quitted town immediately. My worst fears were realized, Lucy had found a too successful rival in her cousin; the ungrateful girl procured a reconciliation with her mother, and sought a roof where she might receive her new lover without reproach. Her marriage with our rich neighbour followed very quickly: it nearly broke two hearts. I would have given worlds for the power of quitting the kingdom, and plunging into the depths of interminable wastes, untrodden by the foot of man; but the situation of my family chained me to the scene of my bitterest disappointment. The anxiety which my father sustained during Lucy's dangerous illness brought on a nervous fever, and we soon lost all hope of his recovery. My unhappy sister, sinking under the wound inflicted on her young heart, had, in endeavouring to conceal the frenzy of her despair from every human eye, passed several hours stretched upon the damp earth of a neighbouring wood. Her existence long hung upon a thread; and she survived with the total loss of beauty, and the dismal prospect of being a helpless cripple for life. My father sank rapidly into the grave; and, though the tramp of war blew a spirit-stirring blast, and I longed to rush into the thickest part of the fight, duty obliged me to suppress the wish. I took orders, portioned four of my sisters in marriage, and endeavoured

to teach Lucy a lesson of resignation, which it was very long before I could practise myself. Had I re-entered the army I should either have perished in action, or in all probability, amid constantly changing scenes, forgotten my faithless cousin—now every thing around me nursed the remembrance of my passion. I heard her voice in the breath of spring, in the summer gale, and in the sighing of the autumn wind. I knew, too, that she was unhappy, and a sentiment of pity softened my heart towards her, and subdued every thing like resentment. The loss of their children, who dropped the moment they beheld the light, like blighted blossoms to the grave, embittered the lot of those who had built their felicity upon the wreck of the happiness of others. Apprehensive that his large estates would fall to a distant branch of his family, the once idolizing husband became cold and negligent. Tears and reproaches pro-

duced recrimination; and one day, wrought up to fury, he cursed the hour of his marriage, and told his wretched wife that he had long desired her death. This unfeeling speech, although it did not inflict a mortal wound, was fatal to the peace of one whom I, the man she had deserted, would have cherished like a treasure sent from heaven. She never looked up again, and misery was stamped upon every feature of her fading countenance. A separation ensued, and the husband and the wife still live to lament over the loss of their brightest hopes. Lucy, a model of rational piety, far from brooding over her early sufferings, has set her affections upon another, and a better world; and I am thankful that my sorrows have conducted me to the paths of religion, and that I can also say,

“ Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Yet bears a precious jewel in its head.”

PARTHIAN DARTS.

OF all the queer animals in the vast menagerie of society, there is none so queer as a middle aged Scotchman, who has been brought up in a counting-house. Notwithstanding that his character is replete with a strong, manly judgment, a sly, modest wit, and a grave dignity, which insures respect, because we know it to be built upon honesty; still, the more he approaches the stars, the more we are compelled to think of Ursa Major. Unremitting attention to his duty has elongated his countenance, and picked his bones, till he is nothing but profile and right angles. Seclusion from the world has divided him from its tastes, manners, and costume, as far as the bear of Lapland from the monkey of Cochin China. His thin light hair is still cut quick-set-wise over his forehead, an eternal monument to his patrimonial porridge pot; his dingy neck cloth seems well nigh to have strangled him; and

his trowsers are crowding about his heels, precisely as if the hangman had been pulling at them. When he gazes (and he gazes at every thing, because nothing is familiar to him), his mouth is drawn open by the weight of his chin; when he talks, it is always in the same key, which neither love nor murder could elevate or depress; when he laughs, he laughs with his arms and legs. If he stands, it is with his great nobs of knees bent in, and his huge double-soled feet squared out; his walk is a hop, step, and a jump, in which he goes all fours like a windmill; if it be wet, he splashes himself up to the eyes, and if it be slippery, he tumbles down. Run he cannot, for fear of knocking his heels together; his only knowledge of a horse is that it has no horns; and as for dancing—oh, Terpsichore! he would kick down a set of quadrillers like nine-pins!

Just such a good kind of a hippo-

potamos as this was my friend Mac — (the proper name at the end of this would make him too frightful), born far north, and bred in Lombard-street, where he had lived on a few broth, and a singed sheep's head, till he had bought breeches for all his clan. The simplicity of his habits, resulting from a sensible conviction that he was unfit for those of other men, rendered money an incumbrance to him; and Mac turned restive upon two thousand a year, and vowed to heaven that he would make no more. As soon as he had given up business, it was necessary for him to consider what he should do with himself. Alas! for the amusements of London, he was too much of a clown; for those of the country, he was too much of a cockney; and a visit to the dear bleak hills of his native land was out of the question; he had cousins enough to eat up his fortune at a bawbee a piece.

After a world of rumination, and a perfect conviction that he was good for nothing, he resolved that the next best thing to seeing his native country was to visit some other that happened to be like it. Norway or Sweden seemed very much the sort of thing, but then he knew nobody in those countries, and could not talk the language: the same objection applied to Russia and the Hartz Mountains. In this dilemma, his friends suggested the more fashionable tour of Switzerland, which, with the temptation of letters to a French family residing *far north*, seemed the best plan of all. He had quitted the grammar school perfectly master of the rudiments of French (excepting just the accent), and, as this was not above five-and-twenty years ago, a phrase book was all that he wanted. The book was bought, and, in a short time, Mac commenced his journey and his studies together.

It was fine July weather, and France, with her green vineyards and ripening corn fields, never looked more luxuriant. But then France had no mountains, and Mac kept on and on till he gained the German

side of the Rhine, and plunged into that den of wolves and wild boars, the Black Forest. Here, indeed, was something even better than Scotland. The hills closed gradually around him, with their thousand hues, like volumes of sun-set clouds, confining his journey within a narrow valley of purple pines and rainbow rivulets. At intervals, the bugles of his postillions, and the bells of their horses, brought out the picturesque population of small towns of grotesque architecture, particoloured walls, and green and golden steeples, all glittering through the mist of a world of water-mills. Then he had to descend mountains, diversified by foam and ravine, till he almost feared that the carriage would tumble over the horses; then he had to ascend others with toil and difficulty, till he was quite sure that the horses would tumble over the carriage. At last the night came on, but his fears for his neck were by no means so strong as his curiosity. He desired to see if the moon shone the same as she did on the Grampians, and so on he went, climbing up into her bright regions, and thundering down into black abysses, till his silver and sable route grew dim in the mists of morning. Still he had good subject to keep him awake, for that mist was so like the mist upon the bonny braw Highlands. For two good hours, he could scarcely believe that he was not amongst them; and then the sun darted his red rays over the mountain tops, and the cold blue forests seemed partially on fire. He was, just at that moment, attaining the summit of a hill which appeared to be the highest he had as yet ascended, and had scarcely time to wipe his spectacles, when all Switzerland, like a land of dreams, lay glittering before him. No one can forget this first glimpse of mountainous confusion, of dark forests and variegated pastures, melting from green to purple, and from thence through a thousand gradations, till they mingled imperceptibly with the crimson skies. No view can ever efface the

recollection of the sun refracted from the majestic lake of Constance, as though the bright waters had been lashed up by the fervour of his plunge. It must dwell upon the mind, thought Mac, in a poetical transport, like the memory of first love, which by all succeeding impressions is only buried deeper and deeper.

I must not dilate upon his journey along the margin of the lake. It was almost twilight when he began to wind gently up the Swiss side of it, towards the old chateau of his destination. The road was a continued interchange of thick foliage and luxuriant vineyard, all dropping with an atmosphere of honey. As he advanced, the feathery branches of the acacia, intermixed with the weeping ash and the willow, trembled gracefully above his head, and beneath and around him a smoother sward, and fantastic summer-houses, gave token that he was approaching the very temple of taste. Every step grew more lovely, till the domestic maze almost vied in enchantment with all that had preceded it.

The chateaus in Switzerland resemble very much the old-fashioned country houses in England. They are white stuccoed, red tiled, and contorted into shapes which give a fantastic idea of taste in its dying agonies. Such was the style of the chateau of Mac's future friends. But then it had a romantic hill above it, and a romantic slope beneath it, and an undulating lawn around it, and the chanting of distant peasants mingling with the sweet sounds of neighbouring cascades, and a thousand other agreeables, which fully atoned for its deformity.

Upon the above mentioned lawn took place Mac's introduction to the proprietors, who were ruralizing upon rustic seats, and had been for some time speculating upon the prize which was announced by the sound of strange wheels. The whole party were somewhat amazed, and well they might, for the manner in which he plunged out of his carriage, and

jerked himself to the encounter, was enough to drive elegant French folks into fits. Beside this, his person, which always looked wrong side outwards, was considerably the worse for wear. Mac, however, undauntedly twitched up his trowsers, clawed off his hat, and rummaged out his letter of introduction, with which he made a lunge at the lady of the house, who advanced to the charge all flaring and fluttering with hues and fringes, like a man of war on a holiday. As soon as she had glanced over his credentials, Mac's stammering attempt at something like *comment vous portez vous* was completely overwhelmed by the volubility of his welcome.

"Ah, quel bonheur extraordinaire! Une lettre de mon bon ami! Vous etes déjà bien connu, mon cher Monsieur. Nous sommes trop heureuse de vous voir! Mais vous etes fatigué. Vous avez besoin de repos! Ah, mon Dieu, mettez votre chapeau, je vous en prie!"

"Je vous remercie, madame, très bien;" responded Mac, thinking that all this meant, "How do you do?"

"Ah! monsieur, je suis bien aise que vous parlez Francois si bien."

"Pardon, madame, je parle très petit."

"Ah, vous etes modeste, mon bon voyageur!"

"Pas voyage, madame; je venir par terre."

"Mais vous parlez a merveille!"

The next that marched up was *mon bon mari*, a little old wizened person, with a large nose, ornamented by a snuff drop, to which a retreating mouth and chin gave the appearance of the hand which we sometimes see upon a direction post, the fore-finger alone being extended to point the way. After he had sufficiently acknowledged the honour done him, and Mac had made a random answer of *oui, monsieur*, a young lady, who had been hanging her head in the back ground, was presented as *mon enfant gâtée, Rosalie*. Pretty, pretty Rosalie! She was about as much like her parents, as a

rose is like a briar. Her age was exquisite eighteen, her dark eyes were only equalled in beauty by her delicate features, and her figure seemed made for nothing but to float upon the skies. She said but two words, and one sounded melting, and the other mirthful, and all Mac's arithmetic was insufficient to decide whether she was the true embodiment of a smile or a sigh. The last of the group was a handsome and rather depressed looking young man, who paid his compliments with a retiring air, and was described as Monsieur Carl —, a student in the fine arts, who was travelling in pursuit of nature. The history of his acquaintance with the family was, that in his progress through Switzerland some three or four years ago, he happened to be invited to the chateau, where his readiness to paint *nic-nacs* for my lady's chamber had insured him a welcome, or rather a sufferance, every summer since. Being poor, however, and destitute of friends, he was of course considered in rather a secondary point of view, and one towards whom the young lady was expected to use particular reserve.

When Mac found himself really domesticated with the above personages in a high finished saloon, all scented with exotics and glittering with chandeliers and brilliant bagatelles, what with the dreamy confusion of the natural beauties he had passed, and the unwonted elegance and strange language that were passing, he felt himself imbued with a grim spirit of romance, and could not have looked more aghast, had he been suddenly snatched up into the moon. But the thing of all things which astonished him most was the extraordinary attention paid to him. Having never exhibited himself in society before, and having never peeped into the letter of introduction to see how rich he was described, and how sadly in want of a helpmate to spend his money, the politeness of French manner seemed something quite supernatural to him. Madame even tasked her daughter to

show him Mons. Carl's port-folio; and, what was more, mademoiselle did as she was bid. It was a dangerous neighbourhood. At every moment she became more and more interesting, and the circumstance of her figure being painted in every one of the sketches would already have troubled him had she not given him to understand that she considered the distinction as no honour,—in fact, there was not a single stump of a tree which she did not call *vilain*; and when, out of common politeness, Mac added that they were all *coquins* and *voleurs*, she fully proved her antipathy to poor Carl by laughing outright.

He had not been long at the chateau before he found himself completely at home. He knew the English of *bien bon ami* and *cher Mons. Mac*, just as if it had been Scotch, and followed the light figure of Rosalie through the woodland pathways, as a Will-o-the-wisp which could lead no where but to Paradise. Her character indeed was the very poetry of puzzles. Nothing could be more complete as a whole, and nothing could appear more incongruous than the parts. She was the supreme goddess of caprice, and, in the same hour, could display all the varieties of sadness and sentiment, mirth, malice, tenderness, and tyranny. As Mac poetically expressed it, the ground-work seemed to be common sense, but then there was such a profusion of flowers worked upon it, that not a stitch of the original was to be seen. On another occasion, he thought she was like a rainbow, which displayed all the hues imaginable, and all equally beautiful. In short, he had lightened himself of his judgment, and was soaring up into the clouds with very considerable rapidity.

Meantime the young painter, having finished as many sketches as madame's chamber would hold, became more and more unpopular, for the very excellent reason that Mac was a newer acquaintance, and better to do in the world. He could not help

observing that the manner of his entertainers grew more cold towards him in proportion to the length of his stay; yet, though his words were more few and his looks more sad, he appeared unwilling to depart. Day after day he was glad to fly from his place at the end of the table, to take refuge in his solitary pursuit by the brook side, or upon the hills which overlooked the lake; but still the next morning found him in his painful situation.

Alas! he had painted the figure of Rosalie in his landscapes too often to be insensible to its beauties. The nature of his profession had contributed much to soften a disposition, originally susceptible of all soft and delicate impressions, and his heart was of a character to retain them tenaciously. He felt that Rosalie was not to be forgotten; to fly then was useless. He felt that if it was misery to gaze upon what never could be his, that misery would be redoubled when he could gaze no longer. The chillness of his entertainment, therefore, was too unimportant to be considered, and he stayed and stayed on with patience. He strove to bear the reflection that Rosalie loved him not. He endeavoured to support the conviction that his poverty rendered his love a presumption, which deserved the punishment it met. There was one misery, however, which he could not bear, and that was to see the attention which would have raised him to the gods, bestowed upon the fashioning of such a bunch of rattling joints as my friend Mac.

Certain it was that he had good reason to find fault with Rosalie's taste. She had gone on from bad to worse till she had been detected in learning half a dozen words of English, and, moreover, in giving Mac lessons in French, over a certain little fortune telling flower, called a *Marguerite*. This lesson always began with *je t'aime*, and ended with *a la folie*, and, as Mac stooped his spectacles over the pretty fingers of his mistress to regard the magic leaves, it is no wonder if the proxi-

mity acted somewhat upon his nerves. He found himself paying compliments in spite of his teeth, and of his French too; talked of her hands being *extremelyment blanches* till the young sorceress was afraid of having them snapped off, and of lips *astomishinglyment rouges* till she began to dread his playing the vampire.

Things went on for some time delightfully; Rosalie became the companion of Mac's peregrinations, and he began to talk of being *dans amour*. Upon this subject, however, he was assured that he was not yet qualified to talk, as it required excellent French to enter into all the elegant minutiae, which made it interesting.

Strange, incomprehensible, exquisite little Rosalie! No sooner had Mac left her than her face waned from its mirth into an expression of the most touching melancholy. She turned from mountain to lake till her eyes swam with, apparently, the reluctant tremors of her heart, and her endeavours to sing herself happy were sad as the last melody of the expiring swan—

“De colline en colline en vain portant ma vue
Du sud a l'aiglon, de l'aurore au couchant,
Je parcours tous les points de l'immense etendue,
Et je dis, nulle part le bonheur ne m'attend”

Soon afterwards she was found weeping bitterly in the summer-house by madame. Why did pretty Rosalie weep? She wept, in sooth, with laughing at *Meester Mac*.

One morning she danced down from her chamber the loveliest and most fantastic native that Berne ever produced; and this costume, in which she had more than once been painted by Carl, and which she consequently considered peculiarly becoming to her beauty, she continued to wear, for several days, whether out of compliment to one cavalier or for the purpose of mortifying the other, we have not as yet been able to discover. Mac became more and more enamoured, and made up his mind to bring her to the point of yes or no on the first opportunity: Rosalie

at the same time being determined not to satisfy his curiosity. She was all that heart could desire in the presence of madame and the rest of the house : but the usual hours for walking in the woods were precisely those on which it was necessary to attend to a feathered protégé. For some time he was contented with airing himself before her vine-clad lattice, to watch the pretty spectacle of her teaching the detestable little wretch, with a ribbon round his leg, the accomplishment of flying—to feast upon the beautiful turn of her arms, the animation of her countenance, the endearing expressions with which she tossed him up, and extended her sweet finger to receive him. In short, the perpetual variety of her character would have filled a heart as big as Mont-Blanc. She was not *one* beauty—she was a whole paradise of beauties. What then must have been the effect produced upon poor Mac, who was only a beginner in the art of love? He was penetrated with darts from head to foot, and felt that he could have roared like a bull in the arena.

This could not last ; and, in fine, when he had gazed himself blind upon the picture of angelic innocence, and wished in vain that he was either the little bird, or the cat, that he might be revenged upon it, he called up to the window—

“*Mademoiselle Rossely, voulez vous marry me ?*”

“*Oh mon Dieu, Meester Mac, je suis déjà mariée ! Voila, mon petit mari !*” Tossing up her nondescript.
“*Ah, comme il baille !*”

“*Mais j’ai besoin parler seriously.*”

“*Tout a Pheure, Monsieur Mac. Mon mari a besoin de son diner. Allez vous en ! allez !*”

With that she closed the casement, and Mac incontinently walked off, to make his proposals to madame herself.

Such an event could not fail to make a remarkable sensation in the house. The elders were enchanted, Rosalie did not know whether to

laugh or to cry, and the young painter, who was made a confidant by way of punishment for having presumed to be unhappy, became as pale as death.

Carl had, indeed, for some days, been growing more and more depressed. People in his situation are peculiarly sensitive, and unable to disguise their feelings. Every passing word, therefore, which Rosalie chanced to address to him, seemed to carry with it a degree of cold cruelty, to which he could not help replying with a look or tone resembling reproach. The young lady, on the day of Mac’s proposals, chose to fire at this species of impertinence, complained to her *cher Ecossois*, and declared her resolution of taking the painter to task the moment she could find an occasion.

The occasion was found the same evening. Carl took his usual hour, when the hills of the Black Forest were blazing with the red sunset, to steal off with his colour-box, and catch the varied hues from a romantic old wood hard by. He sat himself down upon a moss-grown stump, and endeavoured to forget in his art the smart of hopeless love—of insulted poverty. Alas, his hand was unsteady, his mind was astray, and his pencil had lost its brilliancy. He flung it in despair amongst the flowers at his feet ; his delight in it was gone ; his anticipations of fame were destroyed ; Rosalie had signed his death-warrant. He had conducted himself towards her with unobtrusive humility—with silent devotion ; and she had treated him with coldness—with contempt—with tyranny. She was about to sell herself to a creature which was neither man nor beast, before his very face, and without one compunctious look. He would forget—he would detest ; that was to say, he would cherish—he would worship her memory whilst he lived, and have a glorious revenge hereafter in leaving her the conviction of his sufferings. He had just come to this noble resolution when, approaching by the winding pathway,

he was startled by the light, quick step of Rosalie herself.

"No ceremony, monsieur," she said hastily, as he attempted to rise. "I never use any myself—I will only trouble you to make room for me."

Carl was struck by the unusual colour in her cheeks, and an indefinable desperation in her eyes, as he obeyed.

"I have had some trouble to find you," she continued, "and am a little out of breath, as you perceive. You never told me where you were going."

"Alas ! what reason had I to expect that I should have had the happiness of your company ?"

"It is a happiness which you could, perhaps, have very stoically spared."

"Madame !"

"Rosalie, monsieur. I have known you four years, and I choose to be called Rosalie ; and now Rosalie demands in what she has offended you ?"

"Pardon me, madame ; I am not aware that"—

"Yes, monsieur, you are aware ; or, if you are not, I will inform you, as a secret, that you have been highly offended."

Carl, who had hitherto kept his head averted, to conceal his agitation, turned round to regard her. She was watching him with a penetrating look, and he fancied that her lips were trembling. Was it an artifice to throw him off his guard, and make him ridiculous ? He had no doubt of it, and his reply was shaped with coldness accordingly.

"Monsieur," she said, "I think you are very proud."

"I am glad of it, madame. When the poor cease to be proud the chances are that they will become servile."

"I do not think that, in your particular case, there would be any such danger. Be proud of the endowments of nature which you have received in lieu of those of fortune, but do not be unjust to those whose

case happens unluckily to be the reverse."

"Unjust, madame !"

"Yes, monsieur, unjust, in believing that I have presumed upon my father's wealth to treat you in a manner unbecoming your merit. Do not deny that you have done me this wrong ; and do not deny that it is a wrong of a most unfeeling, almost unpardonable nature."

Her voice stopped in a tremour. Carl was confused. He felt that, if he had been wrong, he had been *very* wrong ; but he was by no means sure that he had not been *right*.

"Well, then," she resumed, in a more lively but not less agitated vein, "you will *not* make the *amende* ? Or perhaps you are too proud to know how ? I will even try to teach you. Do you be Rosalie, and I will be Monsieur Carl."

He felt certain that she was turning him into ridicule, and looked graver than ever.

"Madame," he commenced, with an attempt to expostulate—

"No, mademoiselle," she interrupted. "I tell you I am Monsieur Carl ; and I beg that, as you have Rosalie's character in charge at present, you will do nothing to make it appear unamiable. In the first place, that face is not a bit like her, which is the picture of good temper, gentleness, and humility. Look at the face which, in her generosity, she assumes for you—meek, penitent, and apologetic. You never looked half so irresistible in your life." She then continued in her mock character—"Rosalie, I feel deeply penetrated by the opportunity which you have given me of explaining my conduct"—

"No, madame, no ; I never shall presume to explain."

"Rosalie"—she persisted, placing her hand upon his mouth—"you are aware that I feel a deep interest in you. Considering the unpropitious eye which parents are apt to cast upon all suitors but the wealthy, a *rashly advised* interest ; nay, I have even ventured to be dissatisfied with your

attentions to others, though I knew that it was not in your power to bestow them elsewhere, whatever your inclinations might have been. I have been rash—I have been wrong; but the faults which arise from affection are surely the easiest to forgive."

"Forgive—forgive them then," exclaimed Carl, completely thrown off his guard by the pathetic earnestness with which she pleaded for him. "Rosalie, on my knees I acknowledge that you have penetrated the wretched secret of my heart. I acknowledge the fault which has ensued from it. You have spoken for me the words which I dared not speak for myself."

"I will do more," she replied—"I will answer. My conduct has been in obedience to commands which I could not dispute. I have laboured till my heart sickened to avert the consequences which that obedience has brought upon me; and I have determined that my parents shall not have to repent the misdeed of making me the victim of evil arrangements. You see me as I am, a wild, vain girl, with but little wit and less prudence; but still I feel that I have a heart, and courage to undertake wonders for those who are dear to it." Her breath was drawn with increasing difficulty, and she concluded with a gush of tears. "A courage that only shrinks from the contemplation that I am betraying the feelings of my soul to one who has no wish to profit by them."

Her lover knelt in silent bewilderment. He was a new creation. He was a man snatched up from the grave.

The next morning Mac in vain called under his mistress's window "*ou ettez vous*;" and vainly did madame seek to lament to Carl her expectation of company who would require the use of his apartment. The little anonymous bird, having finished his flying lessons, had been dismissed to his native freedom, and not

a brush nor a scrap of canvass was to be found from garret to cellar. It was clear that Rosalie and Carl had gone to take views; and as it was presently found that the carriage and horses were also missing, it was suspected that these views were somewhat distant.

In the course of a few hours the equipage returned; and, to set at rest all useless surmise, a letter was produced from *Madame Carl*. This little document was, as might be expected, a model for all compositions of the kind. It began with such touching entreaties for pardon, and ended with such affectionate compliments to Meester Mac, that the whole party were in a puzzle what to do. But five minutes before monsieur had absolutely torn his wig to pieces for rage; madame had burnt the memory of her daughter upon a funeral pile, composed of all her lover's sketches; and Mac had been seriously lamenting that he had never learnt the sword exercise. In five minutes after all was revolutionized; madame's clouds went off, *a la Françoise*, in showers; monsieur wiped the snuff drop from his nose; and Mac magnanimously declared, "*Je allez a cheval apres lui pour pardonner.*"

Very little remains to be told. Carl was very shortly again seen sketching in the environs of the old chateau; while his happy wife, considerably more steady, and not a whit less delightful, reclined by his side, and amused herself with improving the French of honest Mac. The art which he thought had jilted him returned in greater strength than ever; whilst, with a laudable anxiety for his improvement, Rosalie supplied him with little landscape figures as fast as he could paint them. There was only one stumbling-block in the way of his celebrity, and that was—he never again found his pockets empty.

A FATHER'S GRIEF.

To trace the bright rose, fading fast,
From a fair daughter's cheek ;
To read upon her pensive brow
The fears she will not speak ;
To mark that deep and sudden flush,
So beautiful and brief,
Which tells the progress of decay—
THIS is a Father's grief.

When languor, from her joyless couch,
Has scared sweet sleep away,
And heaviness, that comes with night,
Departs not with the day ;
To meet the fond endearing smile,
That seeks, with false relief,
Awhile to calm his bursting heart—
THIS is a Father's grief.

To listen where her gentle voice
Its welcome music shed,
And find within his lonely halls
The silence of the dead ;
To look unconsciously for her,
The chosen and the chief
Of earthly joys—and look in vain—
THIS is a Father's grief.

To stand beside the sufferer's couch,
While life is ebbing fast ;
To mark that once illumin'd eye
With death's dull film o'ercast ;—
To watch the struggle of the frame
When earth has no relief,
And hopes of heaven are breath'd in vain—
THIS is a Father's grief.

And not when that dread hour is past,
And life is pain no more—
Not when the dreary tomb hath clos'd
O'er her so lov'd before ;
Not then does kind oblivion come
To lend his woes relief,
But with him to the grave he bears
A Father's rooted grief.

For, Oh ! to dry a mother's tears,
Another babe may bloom :
But what remains on earth for him
Whose last is in the tomb ?
To think his child is blest above—
To hope their parting brief,—
These, these may soothe—but death alone
Can heal a Father's grief.

BLANCHE D'ALBI.

I WAS attracted to one of the graves, surrounding the Church of —, by some affecting circumstances which had been related to me of its poor tenant. England had afforded her that last gloomy resting-place; but she was not a native of its soil; and the inscription on the modest head-stone placed over her remains, told that “Blanche D’Albi, born in 1801, in the canton of Zurich, Switzerland, departed this life in Lombard-street, London, in the year 1820.” Oh, simple record! more eloquent, more touching, than all that poetry and sentiment could have woven into the most diffuse epitaph.

So far from her country, her kindred and her home—taken away so early, in the very bud of life; there amongst the dust of strangers, under those black walls, beneath that rank soil, those baleful weeds, lay the daughter of that lovely mountain land, to which, doubtless, in the happy, sanguine confidence of youth,

she had so often anticipated the rapturous hour of her return. All this, and more than this, was suggested to the heart by that brief inscription. But it did not tell all. It did not tell that the young creature who slept below had been singularly beautiful, of the happiest and gentlest nature—engaging to a very unusual degree, the darling of fond parents; the happiest maiden of her happy land; the blithest bird of her native mountains, till—But why not relate at once the few simple notices which have fallen in my way, connected with the brief existence of the young stranger? They will form at best but an imperfect and very uneventful story, but such a one as found its way to my heart, and may interest those whose tastes and feelings are yet unperverted by the feverish excitement and exaggerated tone of modern fiction.

Blanche D’Albi, at the time of her decease, had been for more than a twelvemonth resident in the family

of Mr. L——, one of the wealthiest merchants in the city of London. She had been engaged as French governess to his four little daughters, who were also provided with an English teacher, and attended by half the masters in the metropolis. The young Swissess had been received on the most unexceptionable recommendation, as to character, connexions, and elegant acquirements, but nothing more of her private history was communicated, than that she was the only daughter of a respectable Protestant minister. That the sudden death of both her parents occurring within a few months of each other, had left her at the age of eighteen a destitute orphan, deprived of the protection of an only brother, who, previous to the death of her parents, had taken service in the Swiss corps of De Meuron, and had accompanied that regiment to India. So situated, Blanche D'Albi had recourse for her future maintenance to the expedient so often resorted to, even under happier circumstances, by numbers of her young countrywomen.

In company with several young persons from her own canton, embarked on the same enterprise, and provided with such recommendations as could be obtained to mercantile houses in London, or to such of their own countrymen as were already established there, Blanche bade adieu to her "own romantic land," and very shortly after her arrival in England, it was her good fortune to be engaged in the family of Mr. L——, where her situation might with truth have been called almost enviable, compared with the general lot of young persons in the same circumstances. She shared the school-room, and the task of educating four engaging spoilt children, with an elderly English governess, to whose domineering, but not harsh temper, she willingly yielded supremacy, and was therefore treated by Miss Crawford with somewhat of the indulgent consideration she would have bestowed on an elder pupil. The little girls

soon attached themselves fondly to their young indulgent governess, and their affection soon obtained for her all the good will and unbending kindness it was in the nature of Mrs. L—— to confer on any human being in a dependent situation. Mr. L——, a man of cold and formal manners, fully impressed with the sense of his own wealth and consequence, but one whose better feelings were not all sacrificed at the shrine of Mammon, treated her with invariable and almost attentive politeness, during the stated intervals when, in attendance on her young charges, she was admitted to his society. It is true, he exchanged but few words with her, and those appeared constrained, as if by the latent fear of compromising his dignified importance; but there was a gentleness in the tone of his voice when he addressed himself to the timid orphan, and a benevolence in his eyes, which carried with them to the young bereaved heart of Blanche D'Albi, a far kindlier signification than was implied by the mere words of his unvaried formal salutation, "I hope you are well to-day Ma'am-selle?"

Blanche had not only every comfort, but many luxuries at her command, especially that which she prized beyond all others, the disposal of her own time for some hours in the evening of each day. Taking all circumstances into consideration, therefore, the young emigrant might be pronounced singularly fortunate, in having so soon found shelter in so secure a haven. And she felt that Providence had been very gracious to her, and her heart was grateful and contented—But was she happy? Who ever asked that question? Who ever doubted that she was so in a situation so favoured with peculiar advantages? The home she lost, the friends she had left, the brother so widely separated from her, the recollection of her own dear village, and of her young happy years—No one ever inquired into—or interested themselves about all these things.

No voice inviting confidence ever interrupted those deep and silent spells of inward vision, when all the past was busy in her heart, and one frank kind question, one affectionate word, would have unlocked—as from the source of a fountain—all the ingenuous feelings, all the tender recollections, all the anxious thoughts and innocent hopes, that were crowded together in that pure sanctuary, cherished and brooded over in secret and in silence, till the playful vivacity of her nature (its characteristic charm in happier days) was subdued into a tone of almost reserved seriousness. At times, during the play hours of the children, when they had coaxed her to mingle in their innocent sports; at such times the playful beauty of her nature would break out into a gleam of its former brightness; and then her laugh was so joyous, her countenance so sparkling, her voice so mirthfully in unison with their childish glee, that a stranger would have taken her for the eldest sister, and the happiest of those four happy children.

Those also were among her happiest moments when, encircled by her young and attentive auditory, she spoke to them—for to *them* she could speak of it—of her own native land, of its high mountains, whose tops were white with snow in the hottest summer days; of the seas of ice, with their hard frozen ridges; of its beautiful clear lakes, on one of which she and her little brother had been used to row their fairy bark—Of the Chalots, when in their mountain rambles, they had been feasted on rural dainties by the hospitable peasants—Of the bounding chamois, and of their daring hunters, amongst whom her brother Theodore, and a young friend of his, whom she called Horace, had been foremost in bold enterprise; and then she told, how once returning from a long and venturous chase, the friends had brought her home a little wounded chamois—and the children never tired of hearing how she had nursed and reared, and at last, with success

almost unexampled, brought to perfect tameness, the wild creature of the mountain; and how Horace Vandreuil (they had learnt to speak his name and that of Theodore familiarly) had encircled its slender elegant neck with a small silver collar, on which was engraven, "*J'appartiens a Blanche.*"

Once the little inquisitive creatures had innocently questioned her about her parents,—asking her if she had loved them as dearly as they did their papa and mamma; but then, the only answer they obtained was, that the mirthful voice of their playfellow died away into a tremulous inarticulate sound, and that suddenly hiding her face on the fair bosom of the youngest child, who was seated on her lap, she gave way (for the first time before them) to an agony of tears and sobs, that wrung their young hearts with distressful sympathy, and soon melted them all to tears as they clung round her, with their sweet, loving, broken consolations. There is something more soothing in the caressing tenderness of childish sympathy, than in all the consolatory efforts of mature reason. In the first agony of a bereaved heart, or rather when the first benumbing shock is passing away, who would not shrink from rational comforters—from persuasive kindness—from the very voice of friendship itself, to weep unrestrainedly in the clasping arms of an infant—on its pure innocent bosom? It is as if a commissioned angel spoke peace from Heaven, pouring the balm of heavenly comfort on a wound too recent to bear a touch less gentle, less divine.

From that hour the little girls spoke only of Theodore and Horace, when, collected round Blanche, they pleaded for one of her "pretty stories about Switzerland." From the secret indulgence of tender recollections, and dreamy hopes, Blanche insensibly fell into those habits of abstraction too common to persons of imaginative minds, and deep and repressed sensibility, and not unfre-

quently she drew upon herself the sharp observation of Miss Crawford, or the cold surprise of Mrs. L—, by starting in bashful confusion, at the repetition of some question or remark, which had failed in rousing her attention when first addressed to her. It was an evil habit, and Blanche was conscious of its being so,—and she listened with penitent humility to Miss Crawford's school lectures on the "affectation, and ill-breeding of young persons who gave way to absence of mind," and to Mrs. L—'s wonder at "what Mademoiselle could be thinking of?"—What could she be thinking of?—Oh Heavens!—In that dull square—pacing those formal walls, under those dusty trees—in that more dull, more formal drawing-room, when the prattling tongues of her little charges were no longer at liberty—when she felt herself indeed a stranger and an alien—what could she think of, but of the days that were past, and of those that might be in store for her, if ever . . . And then there swam before her eyes visions of a white low dwelling all embowered in honeysuckle—of a little green wicket in a sweet-briar hedge—and of one who leant over it, idling away the precious moments, long after he had presented the garland or the nosegay, arranged for her hair or her bosom,—and then the scene changed to a grass plat and a group of linden trees, and her own dear parents sat under their shade, with other elders of the village, whose children were mingling with her in the merry dance on that fine green sward, to the sweet tones of Theodore's flute,—and then there were parting tears, and inarticulate words,—and the agony of young hearts at a first separation—and a little boat lessening across the lake—and waving hands—and the last glimpse on the opposite shore, of glittering uniforms and waving plumes,—and then there was darkness, and fear, and trouble—and the shadow of death fell on the dear white cottage, and a sullen bell toll—ed,—and, yet again—and one fune-

ral, and then another wound away from its low entrance, across the grass plat beneath the linden trees, towards the church, where the new minister But the fond dreamer shut her eyes to exclude that torturing sight—and then—and then the harsh voice of some cold observer—(all voices sound harshly to senses so absorbed) recalled her to reality, and to painfully confused consciousness, of the surprise and displeasure her inattention had excited. Poor Blanche! thou hadst been the beloved of many hearts! the darling of some! the object of almost exclusive affection!—How difficult to be contented with less!—How cold, by comparison, the after interest we may awaken in other hearts! even in gentle and tender hearts, whose first affections are ye given to dearer claimants. How hard to endure the measured kindness of mere well-wishers,—the constrained courtesy of well-bred indifference—the unintentional slight of the regardless many!—the cutting contumely of the malicious few! How withering, contrasted with former looks of love, and its endearing tones, the severe glance of a censorious eye! the harsh inflection of a reproving voice! How bitter to remember all one *has been* to some dear departed being—and to feel that one *is nothing*—comparatively *nothing*, to any living creature in this wide, wide world! Some of these sad experiences had fallen not unfrequently to the lot of the fair orphan—had fallen like ice-bolts on the youthful enthusiasm of her confiding nature; but though checked by that untimely frost, the sensitive blossom had but shrunk inward, nourished in secret by the warm well spring of Hope, which lay hidden in the deep recesses of her heart.

Twice since the residence in the family of Mr. L—, the monotonous existence of Blanche had been diversified by occurrences of unspeakable importance to her. Twice had she received letters from India—Voluminous letters, penned by

more than one hand, though contained in the same envelope directed by her brother. She wept abundantly over the first of these packets—over her brother's letter—his reply to that in which she had communicated to him their mutual loss, and her own plans to seek an honorable subsistence as governess in some English family. It is easy to conceive the deeply affecting purport of that fraternal answer. Even from that fearful distance, the hearts of the orphans met and mingled. The tears of Theodore had blotted the lines, on which those of Blanche fell as she read, like summer rain-drops—as free, as fast, and as kindly, lightening her heart of the long-pent-up load of unparticipated grief. But Theodore's letter contained one written in a different hand-writing, and though the tears of Blanche still fell as she perused those characters, they were the last drops of the shower, through which a sunbeam was already breaking. Upon the contents of that packet she might have been said to live for many weeks—for day after day her eyes fed upon them, till one of her little innocent observers asked, in a tone of artless sympathy, if she were not tired of trying to learn all that close long writing by heart, which had vexed her so much too, at the first reading?

The second letters were as eagerly and anxiously opened as the former had been. But these were read with glistening eyes only, while the rekindled light of gladness beamed on the ingenuous countenance of Blanche; and sometimes, in the midst of some twentieth re-perusal, as if her heart sought sympathy in the exuberance of its happiness, she would catch up in her arms, and half smother with playful kisses, one of the wondering children—as ready, however at least, to share the joy of their young instructress, as to participate in her sorrows. With those last letters came an ivory work box; an elegant oriental toy, lined with sandal wood, and fitted up with many compartments, each containing some

ingenious nick-nack—some small tool of fairy workmanship fashioned for a lady's hand, or some exquisite essence in its *facon* of gilded glass. The delight it was to the inquisitive children to pry over and over again, into every drawer and compartment in this beautiful box! And Blanche was too sweet-tempered to refuse the often-asked indulgence, only she watched with jealous care, lest their little busy fingers should unwittingly injure any part of the delicate workmanship; and if Miss Crawford was present, she resisted with evident annoyance their importunities to be allowed to take out of a cunning secret drawer (which had not long remained secret for them), two beautiful little pictures—"so beautiful!" they said, and "one so like Ma'amselle!"—That one was her brother's miniature; and when they asked her if she did not love him dearly for sending her such a fine present, she smiled and blushed, and simply answered, that she did indeed dearly love him. The little girls were not long in discovering, moreover, that the return of this dear brother had been announced in his last letter. The regiment was recalled to Europe, and he wrote on the eve of embarkation.

No wonder that, on the evening of that day which had brought her such blissful tidings, the fair face of Blanche was radiant with such a glow of happiness, as to attract even the passing notice of Mrs. L—, and the more benevolent observation of her husband, as their young inmate with her pupils modestly approached the awful verge of her drawing room circle. The exuberant gladness of her heart was longing to communicate and diffuse itself; and the look and tone of almost affectionate filial confidence with which she replied to Mr. L—'s accustomed salutation, was so irresistibly winning, that it drew from him another, and another sentence, till at last he found himself chatting with her, almost with the affectionate familiarity of a father, and had actually gone

the length of calling her "My dear!" without being conscious how insidiously the natural kindness of his nature had encroached on that dignified condescension to which he conceived it proper to confine all manifestations of good will towards his daughters' governess.

Mademoiselle d'Albi's continuance in the evening circle, or rather in its *out-works*, was usually restricted to the space of half an hour, while the tea and coffee were carried round, and till the bed-time of her pupils, when, with a silent curtsy, she left the drawing-room with them, and having accompanied them to their apartments, joyfully retired to the unmolested quiet of her own. But it sometimes happened, that, Mrs. L.—'s party being enlivened by the accession of several young persons, music and quadrilles became the order of the evening. At such times the talents of Blanche were put in requisition, and she was detained to play for the benefit of the dancers, whose enjoyment was enhanced in no trifling degree by the spirit and correctness of the musician, and by the variety of beautiful airs in which she was a proficient. Poor Blanche! how often, in the days that were gone, had she tripped it to those very measures—the admired of all eyes, and the beloved of all hearts, amongst the lovely and beloved, the happy band of her young companions! It was wonderful (with all those recollections in her heart), how she could sit before that instrument, looking so patient and contented, playing on hour after hour with such unerring touch, and unflagging spirit! Yes—there she sat, regardless and disregarded of every creature in the gay assemblage, unless it were that every now and then some gentleman of the party stole a farther glance of admiration at the lovely foreigner, inwardly desirous, maybe, that he could exchange his sprawling, bounding partner, with all her newly-imported Parisian graces and frippery clumsily tacked upon English awkwardness, for that young

sylph-like creature so elegant in her unadorned simplicity; for Blanche, still in mourning for her parents, wore a plain black robe; and a profusion of soft, fair, silky ringlets, and one thick glossy braid encircling and confining them like a diadem, were the only decorations of a head remarkable for its classical beauty, and the peculiar gracefulness of carriage, which was its characteristic expression.

It so happened, that on the very evening when the heart of Blanche was overflowing with its secret hoard of gladness,—Oh! how long had that poor heart been a stranger to such blissful feelings!—Mrs. L.—'s circle was a large and gay one, and a proposal to form quadrilles being suddenly made, and as promptly acceded to, Mademoiselle was detained to take her patient sitting at the piano-forte. She had always acceded with willing sweetness to similar requisitions, but this evening she sat down to the instrument with even joyous readiness, and the exuberance of her happiness found expression in such sprightly measures, that her flying fingers soon outstript the common time of the dancers, and many breathless calls for moderation were sent towards her from the scampering and despairing performers.—Then would she laugh and blush, and shake her head in playful self-reproach at her own lawless performance, and for a while—a very little while—the restless fingers were restrained to slower movements—once or twice she looked towards the dancers, as if with a vehement longing to spring up and mingle in their gay evolutions; but those glances were momentary, and her eyes dropt again upon the ivory keys; but such a smiling and half-exulting playfulness lurked about her mouth, as if she were anticipating some hour of future gladness, when she should join hands once more in the merry dance with the companions of her youth, on the earth—the lovely green-sward of her own dear country. Whatever were the fond reveries of poor

Blanche, it is certain that her musical task was so unequally performed that evening, as to cause much discomfort among the dancers, at length despairingly manifested in their relaxing exertions, and in the tedious, lounging pauses between the sets.

During one of these, a small knot of gentlemen stood conversing with Mrs. L——, close to the piano-forte, on which, mingled with music-books and manuscripts, lay several pamphlets and newspapers. One of the gentlemen carelessly glancing his eye over the miscellaneous heap, caught up a paper with suddenly excited interest, exclaiming, "Ah! here is already a public account of the melancholy occurrence, of which my letters from Madras make mention." Then rapidly he read aloud the paragraph which stated that, "The Regiment de Meuron being under orders for Europe, had been safely embarked on board the transports provided for its reception, all but the last boat, consisting of the Lieut.-Colonel, his lady, and their family, and two young officers of the regiment, when by some mismanagement the boat was suddenly upset in that tremendous surf, and notwithstanding the exertions of the natives on their attending catamanans, every soul perished, except the wife and youngest daughter of the Colonel, and *one* of the young officers, Lieut. D'Albi." Then followed the names of those who had found a watery grave, and the gentleman ran them quickly over, till just as he had pronounced that of "Horace Vaudreuil," a sudden crash of the piano keys caused a general start, and all eyes turning simultaneously towards the young musician, who had been awaiting the pleasure of the dancers in silence, patient and unnoticed, it was perceived that she had fallen forward on the instrument, her face and arms resting on the keys, and almost hidden by the redundancy of fair soft ringlets, which had burst in rich disorder from the confining braid.

She was raised up, and conveyed

to a sofa in a state of death-like insensibility, from which, after long application of various stimulants, she revived only to relapse into successive faintings. The family apothecary being summoned, by his direction she was conveyed to her chamber and to her bed, and his prognostics were unhappily verified towards morning, when she awoke from a sort of trance in which she had lain some hours, in a high paroxysm of delirious fever. Great was the consternation occasioned in the family of Mr. L——, by this sudden seizure of the young creature, whose personal importance in the establishment, except in relation to the labours of the school-room and the piano, had hitherto been very subordinate to that of Mrs. L——'s Maccaws and Persian Cat.

A peculiar horror of all contagious and infectious disorders, was amongst the many peculiar horrors to which the sensitive lady of poor Mr. L—— was peculiarly liable. It was in vain that the worthy man himself, having ascertained the decided opinion of the apothecary, again and again assured her, that "Mademoiselle's disorder was a brain fever, which, however likely to terminate fatally, was not of a nature to be communicated even to the attendants of the sick chamber." These assurances, backed by all the apothecary's assertions, were insufficient to allay the lady's horrors. "If not *now* infectious, the disorder might become so;" and then *she* was convinced "*all* fevers were catching;" and "If Mr. L—— was so indifferent to *her* safety, *she* could not think of her children and emulate his heroic composure. Not for worlds should they continue in that house two hours longer—and she felt it her duty as a mother, to be careful, for *their* sakes, of her own life, and to accompany them from that dangerous spot. It was madness in Mr. L—— to stay there. If *he* would be persuaded—" But Mr. L—— was *not* to be persuaded; so after conscientiously fulfilling her duty as

a wife, by pathetically warning him of the probable consequences of his obstinacy, she bade him farewell with admirable firmness, and after a last parting injunction from the carriage window, to fumigate all letters he might address to her from *that house*, she was driven from the door, and safely and luxuriously lodged before evening at her husband's Richmond Villa, with her children and Miss Crawford. Great indeed—unspeakably great, “she assured all her friends, was her anxiety on Mr. L——’s account, and they might conceive how agonizing it was to her feelings to leave him in so perilous a situation. Had she followed the dictates of her heart—But those sweet darlings! Could she risk the lives of *both* their parents!” And then tears of sensibility trickled from her eyes, at the idea of their orphan state, had she fondly yielded to the temptation of sharing her husband’s danger, and fallen a victim to the indulgence of her tender weakness.

Mr. L—— was truly and humanely concerned for the distressing situation of poor Blanche. So young! so fair! so friendless! so utterly dependent now, in her unconscious state, on the mercy and charity of strangers—on the world’s cold charity—But there are warm hearts amidst the frozen mass—and all the kindly feelings of Mr. L—— were now called into action by the affecting circumstances of that helpless being so cast on his benevolence. He was a fond and anxious father, and as the natural thought suggested itself, that in the vicissitudes of human life, a fate as forlorn as that of the young foreigner might one day be the portion of his own darlings, Mr. L—— inwardly pledged himself to act a parental part by Blanche D’Albi, in this hour of her utmost need, and the vow was not less religiously observed, because unuttered to mortal ear, and registered in the depths of his own heart. By his order a careful nurse was provided, and a skilful physician called in, when, at the close of the second day from her

seizure, Mademoiselle D’Albi was pronounced by the apothecary to be in imminent danger. Dr. M.’s opinion coincided but too perfectly with that of his medical subaltern, and in spite of their united endeavours to save the interesting young creature entrusted to their care, it soon became evident that the hand of death was on her, and that human art was powerless to unloose that fatal grasp. Previous to her dissolution, she lay for many days in a state of perfect stupor, far less painful to contemplate than the previous delirium, during which she had talked incessantly with the embodied creatures of her fancy, rambling volubly in her native tongue, and now and then breaking out into snatches of wild song or wilder laughter. But at last that fearful mirth died away in fainter and fainter bursts, and broken syllables, and inarticulate sounds succeeded the voluble speech, like dying murmurs of a distant echo, and “then,” as the nurse expressed it, “she lay as quiet as a lamb,” for many, many days, with eyes half closed, but not in slumber, or at least only in that slumbrous torpor, the gentle harbinger of a more perfect rest.

More than once or twice, or many times, had Mr. L—— visited the sick chamber of poor Blanche, while she lay like a waxen image in that death-like trance. More than once, as he stood gazing on that fair, pale face, had large tears stolen down his own cheeks—and once, when there was a momentary glimmering of hope—a momentary amendment of pulse—he had caught the hand of the physician with a sudden energy, strangely contrasting his usual habits of formal reserve—exclaiming, “Save her! Save her, my dear sir! spare no pains, no cost, a consultation perhaps—” and his agitated voice and incoherent words carried conviction to the heart of the good doctor, that if half the wealth of Mr. L—— could have purchased the life of Blanche D’Albi, he would not have hesitated to make the sacrifice.

But neither care nor skill, nor aught that wealth could command, or kindness lavish, could prolong the days already numbered, or reverse the decree that had gone forth.

Towards the close of the fourteenth day of Blanche's illness, the respiration of the unconscious sufferer became quick and laborious, and Dr. M., whose finger was on her pulse, directed that the curtains of her bed should be drawn aside, and a free current of air admitted through the opened windows. Mr. L—— had entered with the physician, and stationing himself at the bed's foot, stood there with folded arms, and eyes fixed in sad and hopeless contemplation on the affecting object before him. Though the eyes of Blanche were more than half veiled by their full, heavy lids, a streak of soft blue was still discernible through the long dark lashes, from whence, however, emanated no spark of intelligence; and far different from the finely blended rose-hues of healthful beauty, was that bright crimson which burnt in either cheek. Her head was raised a little from the pillow, by the supporting arm of the nurse, who, with her hand still at liberty, put aside the deep frill of her cap, and the disordered ringlets which had escaped beneath it, that the sweet fresh air might visit with its comforting coolness those throbbing temples, and that burning brow. It was a beautiful, mild, warm April evening, redolent of life and joy, and Nature's renovation, and the pale, golden light of an April sunset penetrated even through a London atmosphere, and amongst a labyrinth of high walls, and blackened roofs, and clustering chimneys, into the very chamber of Blanche; and even to that confined chamber, and over those gloomy precincts, came the soft breath of Spring, breathing delicious fragrance, as it was wafted through her open window, over a box of mignonette, coaxed into early blossom by the assiduous cherishing of one who had watched over her miniature garden with the impatient interest of

eager childhood. The balmy air stole gently, gradually into the sick chamber, and between the parted curtains of the bed, as though it were a thing of intelligence, and came gladly on its blessed mission to convey to the dying Blanche the last soothing sensation she might yet taste on earth—the odorous wafting of her favourite flowers. It came not in vain, as the caressing coolness played over her face; and when it had wandered a few moments amongst the parted ringlets, her quick and laborious breathing became less and less distressing, and at length, inhaling one long and deep inspiration, subsided into regular and almost imperceptible respiration, like that of a sleeping infant.

At that moment, there struck up at the farther end of a neighbouring street, a strain of wild music, from a band of itinerant musicians—wandering Savoyards. Wild and touching was the strain, as it came mellowed by distance, and mingled with the evening breeze. It was "*Le Rans des Vaches*." To every son and daughter of Helvetia, a spirit-stirring spell, a magic melody, never yet listened to unmoved by any wanderer from her mountain land—only the insensible ear of death, or of the dying but it seemed as if perception yet lingered in that of Blanche. As the notes of that national air swelled out more and more distinctly, a slight tremor passed over her features, and at last, as if awakening from a deep sleep, her soft blue eyes perfectly unclosed, and glancing upwards towards the female form, on whose bosom her head was pillowed, she murmured in her own native tongue, "*Maman! bonne Maman!*"

As she uttered those few faltering words, her head sunk lower upon the nurse's breast, and half turning her face inward on that kind pillow, like a weary child, the fair eyelids dropt heavily over those soft blue orbs; but long after their lustre was forever shrouded, and long after the beautiful lips were closed, and the

last breath had escaped them in those few touching words, the smile still lingered there, with which those words were spoken, as if impressed by the parting rapture of recognition with the Maternal Spirit, permitted, possibly, to accompany the dark Angel on his awful mission, to over-

come his terrors by her looks of heavenly welcome, and receiving from his hands the new Celestial, to be its conductress to those abodes of bliss, towards which, even in their day of mortal probation, the pious Mother had "trained up her child in the way she should go."

BALLAD.

A LOVER to his lady's bower,
With silent steps came softly stealing;
The dew was down on leaf and flower,
And night and shade the earth concealing:
He drew his lute, and breathed this lay—
"Oh, Lady, list, thy lover's 'plaining!—
The night is innocent as day—
Where love, and love alone, is reigning!"

The lady from her lattice high
Came stealing, too, on feet as soundless;
She heard his lute, and heard his sigh,
Which told a tale of passion boundless.
"I know thee not, but, by my fai',
By thy bold tongue thou 'rt some false lover;
For love's light sins by night, the day
Will by its waking blush discover.

"Vice, when he wears the mask of night,
May look as fair as holy Virtue,
But you discern by day's true light,
The sin disguised which came to hurt you:
The hawk by night may woo the dove,
And seem a dove—as tame and tender,
But with the day she knows her love,
And seeks her dove-cote to defend her."

"Oh, think not so, thou lady rare!
The moon for us safe watch is keeping,
And we on bliss may fully fare,
When all the world, save us, is sleeping!
Descend, my lady dear, descend—
And where love is be never fearful;
Pure love had never sinful end—
Of love and lovers heaven is careful!

"Then say not so—oh, say not so—
Thy words descend like drops of sorrow!
Yet since thou wilt not true love know,
Thou shalt behold him on the morrow.

May all good angels guard thy head,
When softly laid on slumber's pillow,
But I shall lie on torture's bed,
And restless as on ocean's billow!"

They parted then—the morrow came,
And to her bower a knight came riding;
She knew him, by his scarf of flame,
To be a lord, and wept her chiding.
"Now tell me, surly groom—now say,
Is thy all-worshipped lady waking?
And does she know this night's delay
Weighs on my heart as it were breaking?"

"Tell her I come from the Holy Wars,
With the scarf she bound about me,
Unstained, unshamed by the Moslem scars,
With my trophies round about me!
For Richard's right, and England's might,
My sword and battle-axe were wielded;
For these I fought the Christian fight,
Till every Paynim foe had yielded."

Fair lady Emma from her couch came,
And, weeping as she ran, embraced him;
She knew him by the scarf of flame,
And by the plumed helm which graced him.
"Oh, droop not so—oh, weep not so—
Thou art still true and tender-hearted;
We've parted once, but never mo'
Shall our dear loves and lives be parted!"

"Then let the merry bells ring round,
And the feast be largely given,
For I am now on England's ground,
The holy knight of heaven!
Let the priest wight by taper's light
Unite us fast as love would be;
And be the glee sung, and the carillon rung,
And the feast and the flask move merrily!"

MENTELLE.

THIS extraordinary person, by birth a Hungarian, became known to me by accident; and after I had seen him, the choice of Diogenes in his tub before Alexander the Great, I readily believed, might have been matter of free-will rather than the empty affectation of a philosophical pride. Mentelle did not seem to me

more than thirty-three or thirty-four years of age, well made, with a florid, pleasing, and handsome countenance, brown hair, and a beard peculiarly comely. His conduct and mode of life arose from an insatiable thirst of knowledge. Like the miser in hoarding up gold, he was never easy unless he was acquiring more.

No distaste of the pleasures of life, in any form, withheld him from the world, and made him choose a diet of ammunition-bread and water, and a clothing of a coarse flannel jacket and trowsers; but I must give the history of my acquaintance with him first. A gallant naval officer, and a very old friend of mine, wished, during the "piping time of peace," to study mathematics and the modern languages. The advantages of Paris for this purpose beyond any other city in the world, its easy living, splendid public libraries, open to alien as well as native, and the superiority of its professors in most branches of science, led him thither. He lodged at the house of a teacher of mathematics in the Rue Pigare. Calling one day upon him, he said, "In a summer-house, in the garden below, lives one of the most extraordinary men in the world; he has been living there these two years past; would you like to see him?" I answered in the affirmative, and we immediately descended the stairs; and crossing the garden came to a small summer-house constructed of boards, about six feet square. In this place, the owner of the garden gave Mentelle leave to reside free of cost. On knocking, the door was opened, and I entered, there being but just room enough to stand within it. On his right hand was a box which reached nearly across the room, and occupied, perhaps, one-third of the entire width. In this box was some old blanketing, and across it a plank on which Mentelle was sitting; his feet and legs in the box, for the sake of warmth; his back against the wall of a house which formed the back of the building, the other walls being of wood. He had a sort of tilted plank table before him over the box; on this was a slate and pencil for working his mathematical propositions; the boards had many a loop-hole stopped with paper, written over in Greek very close, in a remarkably neat character; by this a small portion of the cold air was kept out.

On the left-hand side of the box was an old arm-chair, and the rest of the apartment was piled with large folios and their brethren, down to the smallest size, in complete confusion. From the roof, suspended by a piece of rusty iron-wire, just over the table, hung a piece of old tin plate, bent into a hollow, with a wick, which served for a lamp; a small can lay in a corner, a pitcher of water, and a coarse brown loaf; a ragged cloak hung over the chair. On addressing him in French, my naval friend said, "M. Mentelle speaks English as well as we do, though I am only the second Englishman he has ever seen." And this was true: he spoke it like a native, without hesitation or any foreign accent, and with a softness of which I scarcely thought it capable of being spoken. He could converse with equal fluency in French, German, Slavonic, Italian, Latin, the ancient and modern Greek, Arabic, and the dialects of his native country besides; and could read and make himself well understood in numerous other languages. He was also master of three thousand Chinese characters. His knowledge of mathematics and the sciences was very extensive. He told me that his thirst of knowledge was so great an appetite, that he was content to sacrifice every other consideration in life to it. He gave one lesson a week in mathematics, which produced him three francs, or about half-a-crown. With this he bought weekly enough coarse ammunition bread for his seven days' consumption at once, that it might grow stale, otherwise it digested too fast. Two or three potatoes boiled in a can over his lamp at night, and eaten with a little oil once or twice a week, constituted his only luxury. He slept five or six hours: if it was cold weather, at full length in the box I have mentioned; if mild, in his chair, not lying down. He studied much at night, and told me he found no ill effects from his mode of living:—he had lived so for twenty years. The luxuries of life in a moderate

degree would be very welcome, he said : but then he must waste his precious time in giving lessons to purchase them. He wanted to study more and lose no time ; besides, he was happy enough. He was no cynic : he did not despise the good things of life ; but he was contented to resign them for such an object as the foregoing, as he had no means but by labour to obtain them. Custom had made his way of life no inconvenience to him. He had travelled on foot in every country of Europe, except England. He was intimate with the leading men of science in France, and of the Institute : and a curious figure he cut in his dirty jacket and trowsers, without stockings or shirt, walking arm-in-arm with them through the Boulevards, which was often the case. However such a degradation may startle our dandy professors of all sorts in England ; learned men, noble and ignoble, in France, scorn to judge of mind by the coat which covers it.—Listen, mitred universities, and crown-chartered societies ! He mentioned that some gentlemen of the Institute, his friends, had once supplied him with a profusion of clothing ; but he wanted to purchase books ; and though he wore them once or twice, he could not resist the temptation of selling them, that he might get the volumes he wished. He accordingly put on his old dress, and took the clothes to a shop for the purpose, congratulating himself on possessing the desired works from the product. The shopkeeper, fearing he had stolen the clothes, gave him in custody to the police. He was ashamed at first to write to any members of the Institute, his friends ; and remained in prison a week, employing himself in instructing some of the younger prisoners in reading, till he recollected he was losing time. He then wrote to some persons, who instantly procured his release. He said, that could he have been left alone in the prison to pursue his studies, it would have been a very pleasant place to him, as he feasted eve-

ry day there without expense on the prison allowance. My friend asked him to dine once or twice with him ; but so inured was poor Mentelle to his low diet, that two or three glasses of wine, which he ventured to take, put him into a fever. He desired very much to see England ; he had read most of our best writers, and wished to know for what expense he could travel there, living as he lived. He said he thought he might make a pretty long excursion in it for one hundred and fifty francs. I smiled, and told him it was impossible. He said he had travelled all over the Continent at a less rate in proportion than he proposed for England. He knew it was a country where every thing was very costly. " I should molest no one," said he ; " I should always walk, see the public buildings, works, and country ; call on a few learned men, for whom I should carry letters of introduction. I should sleep at nightfall, as I always have, when travelling, in the first wood I came to, on the ground, wrapped in my cloak ; and in towns, at the most humble inns. I should live on bread and water, with an egg or two. I think it could be done ! " — " I have no doubt, your part could be done, M. Mentelle," I replied ; " but poverty is as great a crime in England as robbery. Though the law once said, no man shall be punished without trial or proof of his guilt, that principle is extinct as respects the humble and poor. Your innocent sleep by the road-side will be a crime of itself. The *Juge de Paix* will send you to prison, or flog you, on the presumption that you are a vagrant, or have been catching his game. You cannot help yourself, for his will is law. If you said you were so and so, and showed a letter or papers in confirmation, he would stare with open unmeaning face at you, and ask if such a story were probable—if any man could be honest with such a coat on his back—give you the lie, and send you to punishment. This would happen with eight out of ten country magis-

trates into whose hands you might fall. Your knowledge, if you displayed it, would only be deemed an aggravation of your case, because your story would be thought more improbable in consequence. Do not come to England, unless you can come with a coat somewhat in the fashion, or think to travel there without paying five times more for every thing you eat or drink on your road, than the innkeeper really purchases it for." I succeeded, I believe, in preventing Mentelle's visiting this country, and most likely being degraded in a treadmill by some country Dogberry. The last time I saw this extraordinary man, I promised, on my arrival in England, to send him a Sanscrit work, which I was unfortunately not able to procure. He was then studying the Asiatic tongues. Mentelle's powers of reasoning were very great. Sometimes he would take up a wrong argument to show his skill upon it :

for when he pleased, he was the best sophist I ever heard. His manners were simple and mild : his countenance beamed with intelligence, and was like some old Italian pictures I have seen: I think, a life such as he led could not endure long. Though his look was healthy, he could not have been strong. I remember he told me that a knowledge of Slavonic rendered the acquirement of every other modern tongue a comparatively easy task. He said he loved to talk, and to impart knowledge to any who would visit him when he was inclined to repose an hour or two from his studies. He was no anchorite ; but was fond of society if it were such as admitted conversation on literature or science. Poor Mentelle ! he is now dust ; but perhaps no man ever loved knowledge so much for herself as he did, or was contented to sacrifice so much for it !

I FRATELLI DELLA MISERICORDIA.—THE BROTHERHOOD OF MERCY.

" Elle n'a point cette charité paresseuse des riches, qui paient en argent aux malheureux le droit de rejeter leurs prières, et pour un bienfait implorer ne savent jamais donner que l'aumône."—*La Nouvelle Héloïse*.

TWO or three days after my arrival in Pisa, I was talking in the street with an Italian gentleman, when about thirty fellows came round the corner walking two and two, not soberly as pious folks move in procession, but with stout manly strides, and wearing a disguise of so uncouth a fashion, that the moment they caught my eye I muttered a "God bless me!" and asked who they were. They were clothed in black sackcloth from top to toe, girded round the waist; and the hood not only came over the head, but fell before the face down to the breast, with two small peep-holes for the eyes. Each carried a rosary in his hand, and each at his shoulders bore a black broad-brimmed hat. "*Dio mene guardi! ma chi sono questi?*" My Italian coolly answered, "*La Misericordia.*" Whether,

owing to the word *misericordia*, or to their sackcloth and rosaries, or both, or what I know not, but without further question I set them down in my mind as penitents on their way to some sort of devotion; and very sorry I was they could not be aghast at their own consciences without wearing so frightful an appearance.

It happened within a week that a house under repair, on the Lung'-Arno, fell down, with the exception of the front wall, on the workmen, who had incautiously disturbed the foundation. I was on the opposite side of the river, ignorant of what had occasioned the noise and the dense cloud of dust, till the wind slowly wafted it away, and the mischief was clear before me. Four were buried in the ruins, and a fifth clung to the wall, with his feet upon the window-sill at the second story,

whither he had leaped from the room at the moment of the crash. As soon as the panic would allow any one to act, a long ladder, lying before the house, was raised, and the poor fellow slowly moved from his dangerous situation. As he reached the ground in safety, a loud bell in the city tolled once, then stopped, and tolled again, and I heard the crowd about me say, "Hark! there is the bell of the Misericordia! they will soon be here!" Those in the neighbourhood brought ladders of various sizes, and spades, and pickaxes, to be in readiness. Presently across the bridge came those black penitents, as I had imagined them, hastening almost at a run, and bearing a litter on their shoulders. The crowd made way for them, and they climbed into the ruins at the back of the house, with the spades and pickaxes. From the moment they came, not a word was spoken; all was hushed, even the sorrowful cries of the relations, waiting for the event. In a short while the Brothers brought out one of the sufferers, insensible and grievously bruised; they placed him in a litter, and bore him to the hospital. By that time a party of soldiers arrived, who kept the crowd back from the front wall, lest that also should fall; while the Brothers, regardless of the danger, still worked on, and indefatigably. I saw three of the buried workmen brought from the ruin and carried to the hospital; the fourth was killed, and they bore away his body on a bier.

After having witnessed this dauntless and persevering conduct on the part of the Brotherhood of Mercy, I was continually making inquiries about them. I was told it was a very ancient institution, first established in Florence; that the Brothers were very numerous in all the Tuscan cities, and that their duty was to be always ready to succour any person in distress. "Are they priests?" "No; only a certain number of priests are permitted to join them." "Then it is not a religious establishment?" "Not at all; and their

charity is so general, that they would render the same assistance to you, a foreigner and a heretic, as to one of their Catholic citizens. They never inquire into creeds; it is enough that a fellow being stands in need of their exertions."

The next time their bell tolled, I hurried from my lodgings to attend them on their errand. They walked very fast, and not a word was spoken. At a sign from their chief, the litter from time to time was changed to different shoulders. I followed them to the further end of the city, on the south side of the Arno, and they stopped before a little chapel, where a poor old woman lay on the steps with her leg broken. The litter, a covered one, was placed on the ground by her side; then, without a word, but with the utmost attention and gentleness, they placed her within it, and immediately it was raised again on their shoulders. One of the Brothers asked her some question in a whisper, and she replied that she felt no pain, but was very faint; upon which the covering of the litter was pulled up higher, and as they bore her to the hospital, they stopped two or three times at the turnings of the streets, in order to dispose the covering so as to afford her as much air as possible, and at the same time to shelter her from the sun. Such quiet and unaffected benevolence, such a tender regard for the ease and comfort of this poor woman, showed the Brothers to me in another light, and I was rejoiced to see that their kindness was equal to their heroism. They no longer appeared to me so uncouth; and, as I continued to walk near them, it struck me there was a very benignant expression in a pair of eyes seen through their sackcloth masks. I also observed, below their habits, that two of them wore black silk stockings. This rather surprised me; but I learnt that all ranks of persons are enrolled in the Misericordia—tradesmen, gentlemen, nobles, and the Grand Duke himself.

Not to detain the reader by particularising a variety of circumstances under which, both in Pisa and Florence, I have watched the prompt attendance of the brothers, I proceed to give you a short historical account of the institution. This has been done, and in the highest terms of praise, by the late Professor Pictet, in the "Bibliothèque Universelle" for 1822; and it appears he was the first traveller who considered them worthy of such notice. Upon reference to several Italian works, and especially to that of Placido Landini, I am sorry to observe many inaccuracies in the professor's account. I shall therefore follow those writers who have derived their information directly from the archives of the establishment; adding to them what I have learnt through the kindness of several gentlemen, "Capi di Guardia" to the company.

Those who contend we excel our forefathers in humanity and charity, will be surprised to hear that the Compagnia della Misericordia, the most conspicuous, even in the present day, for those virtues, has existed for nearly six hundred years within the walls of Florence. It was established in 1240; and its origin was extremely curious. At that period of the Republic, when the citizens were acquiring immense profits from the manufacture of woollen cloth, the city-porters were numerous, and usually took their stand round the church of the Baptistery, near the Cathedral. In fact, for the most part, they lived there; and during the intervals of work, they ate their meals and drank their wine, or played at various games, either on the Piazza, or in the sheds erected for their accommodation. One among them, Pietro di Luca Borsi, an old and devout man, was highly scandalized at the cursing and swearing of his companions. Therefore, as their elder, he proposed that he who should hereafter take God's or the Virgin's name in vain, should be mulcted to the amount of a *crazia* (three farthings); and that the said

crazia should be dropped through a small hole into a certain box, so that an end might be put to such vain and sinful conversation. To this the porters agreed, and the difficulty of conquering a bad habit caused the box to be well nigh filled. Piero then reminded them that, for the benefit of their souls, the contents of the box ought to be employed in acts of charity, and made the following proposal: "Let us," said he, "purchase with part of this money six litters, to serve for the six divisions of the city, and let us in turns attend with them. Thus we shall be in readiness to carry to their houses, or to the hospital, all those who may be taken with sudden illness, or who fall from a scaffolding, or otherwise be grievously injured in our streets, and stand in need of their fellow creatures' assistance; and we will also carry to the churches the bodies of such as may fall down dead, or be slain, or be drowned; and let us agree that for each several journey of this sort, the porters shall receive a *giudio* (sixpence) from the box." This not only met with approbation, but each individual took an oath to observe it. Their labours began, and they pursued them with so much diligence and charity (says their chronicler) that every man in the city greatly applauded these porters, sometimes offering them three *giuli*, as a present, for a single journey; but this the old man, Piero, would not allow, bidding them perform their duty, cheerfully and without bribes, and to wait for their farther reward in eternity.

Such was the commencement of the Misericordia, a society that has never relaxed in its zeal, through so many centuries, and under all the changes of government. Whatever enemy entered Florence, these brothers and their property were always respected. The French, their last invaders, did more,—they intrusted them with a set of keys to the city-gates, that they might not be impeded in their labours; and Napoleon was preparing to establish a similar

institution at Paris, when his own downfall put an end to the scheme.

After Piero's death, the porters were desirous of hiring an apartment, where they might hold the meetings of their new society. For this purpose, as their funds were inefficient, they appealed to their fellow-citizens, and placed at the door of the Baptistery a painting of a dead Christ, with the box at the foot of it, bearing this inscription,—“Fate elemosine per i poveri infermi e bisognosi della città.” It was on the 13th of January, and the people, eager to evince their gratitude, and to encourage them, flocked from all quarters to that church-door with their alms; and before the day ended, the box could not contain the offerings, so that the money lay heaped on the lid. From this contribution, more than one apartment was purchased, not hired; and the Porters continued unweariedly in their works of benevolence, till at the end of a few years the Archbishop convened them before him, and blessed them. The benediction was “in honor and glory of the most Holy Virgin, and of St. Peter Martyr, and of St. John the Baptist, and in reverence of St. Tobias, their Protector; and masses were ordained, with litanies and prayers, for the souls of all benefactors to the institution.” How agreeable to read of an Archbishop's exercising his divinity in the cause of humanity!

The Porters would by no means consent to admit the other workmen of the city; upon which the latter formed a separate society of their own. They were afterwards united together, under the title of “*La Compagnia della Misericordia*,” on the 2nd of October, 1423, and governed by eight Captains, a Notary, and a

Purveyor. It also appears that during the contentions of the Guelfi and Ghibellini, the society experienced a slight division, which however soon ceased,—a rivalry in deeds of pure good-will could not but allay the fury of party spirit.

No men ever deserved the gratitude of their country more than these Brothers, for their conduct in the times of the plague. Florence was visited by this scourge no less than eleven times in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. At some of those periods, especially in 1348, as many as six hundred persons died, day after day, within the walls. There is undeniable evidence,* in the archives of the institution, confirming Landini's account of the intrepidity of the Brothers, at every several period when the black banners were unfurled at the “*Tribunal di Sanità*.” They bore the sick to the hospitals, and the dead to the sepulchres; and as they journeyed through the streets, they were preceded by one ringing a bell, warning the people to escape from their approach, lest the infection should be spread by them, while they dared it for the welfare of the community. Notwithstanding their exposure to infection, it appears they suffered in a less degree, proportionably to their numbers, than the more cautious citizens. This is a proof that a sound courage is the best preservative against the plague, as well as against every other species of disease; and it gives me pleasure to add, that when the typhus fever raged in Florence, about eight years ago, not one of the brothers was attacked by it, though they not only removed the sick from their houses, but in many instances attended them as nurses. As an instance of the grateful feelings of the Florentines,

* Boccaccio, in the introduction to his *Decameron*, gives an account of the great plague in 1348, without once alluding to the Society farther than where he speaks of “*lo ajuto d'alcuni portatori*,” and that without a word of commendation. It must be borne in mind that Boccaccio was making out an exaggerated case of distress; and that it did not suit his purpose to relieve the mournful colouring of his picture, intended, by the force of contrast, to give the tales that followed a higher brilliancy. Indeed the anecdotes he brings forward are sometimes in contradiction to each other; and he himself, as in his *Life of Dante*, appears to have considered fables, provided they are interesting, fully as important as facts.

we are told that, after the last severe visitation of the plague in 1633, when it came to the turn of the *Misericordia* to go to the Cathedral and render thanks to God, the populace crowded the streets through which they had to pass, and all the bells in the city were ringing, while from every side and from every window there were shouts of "Viva! viva la Compagnia della Misericordia!"—as if, continues Landini, the health of the citizens, one and all, depended on the charity and diligence of those Brothers.

The company consists of three orders: the first in rank is that of the "Capi di Guardia;" their number is 72, of whom 14 are noble, and 30 are priests, including the Grand Duke and the Archbishop. The second order, called "Giornanti," consists of 20 priests and 105 laymen; and the third, the "Stracciafogli," of 180, of whom 30 are priests. These, together with the supernumeraries, amount to about 1200. Four "Capi di Guardia" and fifteen "Giornanti" must be in attendance. At the sound of their bell, which can be heard in every part of the city from the top of that beautiful tower designed by Giotto, they never fail in assembling more than a sufficient number of the Brothers. It tolls once for the removal of the sick, twice for a common accident in the streets, and three times for death.—A "Stracciafoglio" is promoted to the honours of a "Giornante," and finally to those of a "Capo di Guardia" in recompense for diligent attendance; and negligence is punished by degradation. There are no fines. It costs about six crowns to be enrolled, in which sum is included the purchase of the dress. None are admitted but those of good character, and none who belong to what they term the "arti vili," such as butchers, fishmongers, servants in livery, coachmen, cobblers, sausage-makers, and barbers. We may smile at these exceptions, but let it be remembered we have our own prejudices against surgeons and butchers

on a jury; and that while a tailor is but a ninth part of a man in England, he does not so much as appear in the list of "arti vili" in Tuscany.

They hold themselves compelled to attend on any emergency, wherein their offices may be beneficial. Silence and exactness of discipline are strictly enforced on pain of expulsion. They are provided with the apparatus of the English Humane Society. It is their duty to convey the sick to the hospital, or from one house to another, as they may be required. If they are sent for, as it sometimes happens under peculiar circumstances, to attend the beds of the sick, they watch by them night and day, and perform every office of the kindest nurses; and that without respect of persons, for it was not long since that they performed this duty towards a Jew. Should they be witnesses, in the houses of the poor, to any painful scene of want, they are permitted to give relief in money out of their own pocket, and this is done to a considerable extent; and they are bound to make a report of the poverty of a sick person, when he is assisted by the Company from a fund raised by some of the Brothers, who undertake to go about the city, always in their usual disguise, with a box to crave alms for the sick poor. As these alms are divided weekly, and with a certainty against deception, a Florentine, or the stranger within his gates, inclined to be charitable, knows where to lodge his money to the best purpose.

For so many benefits to the public, such constancy, such toil, the rewards, beyond the honour of the Brotherhood, are small. When sick, provided he is a "Capo di Guardia," the stipend is six livres a week; if a "Giornante," only four; and he is visited by their own physician. Those of the third order have no claim in case of illness; but all are buried at the expense of the Company, and they possess a burial ground for themselves, bestowed on them by the government. Their physician

has fourteen crowns a year, their secretary sixteen—little more than honorary salaries; but their actual servants, whose time is fully employed, have sufficient wages for their support. There is also a small dowry, should it be demanded, of ten crowns, granted to the daughters of such as have acted for a certain time as nurses to the sick. It is prohibited that the Brothers should receive any thing, on their own account, from the public, with the single exception of a draught of water.

In answer to my inquiries respecting their funds, I learned that they have enough, but are by no means rich. Their property lies in land and houses.

An abuse, of an aristocratical nature, has crept into the institution since the days of the Republic: nobles are made "*Capi di Guardia*," without earning the dignity by diligence. Leopold the First frequently slipped on his sackcloth, and bore the litter in his turn among the Brothers. His son, the late Ferdinand, and the present Leopold, never paid the company that personal respect. When Leopold the First became Emperor of Germany, he endeavored to establish the *Misericordia* at Vienna, without success. "*La Compagnia della Consolazione*," at Rome, is rather a company of guardians and attendants to a hospital; and among the imitations of the *Misericordia* in other parts of Italy, its best spirit is lost, while in all the princi-

pal towns of Tuscany it exists in the full force of the original in Florence. Tuscans have more humanity, in all the relations of life, than their neighbours; and in any urgent case, when the delay of a few minutes might be fatal, instead of waiting for the Brotherhood, they render every assistance at the moment. As an instance of this, it was but a few days since that two men nearly lost their lives in saving a girl who had thrown herself into the Arno. Whether a society of the Brotherhood of Mercy is necessary in London, or whether it could be established there, are questions not easy to determine. In the first place, Englishmen might object to the disguise, which is necessary to prevent the recognition of friends that would obstruct them in their duty; as well as for the sake of separating every thing tending to personal vanity from the pure benevolent feeling. No thanks are here due except to the Society in a body. There are no anniversary dinners, no toasts and sentiments with three times three, no blazing accounts in the newspapers of their activity, heroism, and charity. All goes on quietly, modestly. The Brothers know how much they are beloved, and are content without a display of their influence. Every mark of respect is however paid to them; the military present arms, and individuals take off their hats, whenever they pass the streets.

THE TWO FATHERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "*LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE*."

THERE was the sound of stifled sobbing throughout the whole house, the fires were extinct on all the hearths, and by the glimmer of neglected lights small groups of weeping friends were sitting in remote rooms, silent, or now and then uttering a few words from which all the tones of hope had faded away, and that struck their hearts, at intervals,

like the very toll of the passing bell. In one apartment there was a perfect hush, and no more motion than on a frozen sea. Therein lay on her death-bed, but still breathing, as sweet a child as ever folded hands before God,—over her countenance, white as the shrouded sheet, her parents had long been hanging, and dropping their last kisses on the

closed unconscious eyes,—he whose skill had been in vain bestowed on the sufferer night and day, stood at the foot of the couch with a solemn face overspread with that profound pity which melteth not in tears,—and the holy man who had continued to read to her the words of him who died to save sinners, even after her speech was gone and her resignation was seen only in a few fast vanishing smiles, now bowed down his silver hairs in the gloom, and at the very moment of her soul's departure to heaven remained in the posture of reverential prayer.

The change from life to death, gradual as it may have been in its progress, smites the loving heart that beholds it with a pang as sudden as if there had been no previous despair. There had been a faint irregular breath for the parents to listen to,—there had been a motion of the bosom for them to gaze on,—a quivering of the eyelids that, miserable though it was to see, showed that their child was yet among the living. But now breath or motion there was none,—her name was the name of a shadow—for her life had ceased to be,—she had left the world in which they dwelt and would continue to dwell;—the separation was infinite, the loss beyond the power of their smitten hearts to conceive, and religion itself, that had hitherto borne them up, deserted them in that extremity, and they both sank down together on the floor. No foot approached them—no hand was stretched out to succour them in their swoon,—for the friends who beheld the agony stood aloof in their awe, and left them to the care of him who in his most dreadful judgments is still the God of mercy.

For an hour the parents were left alone in that chamber—for scenes of suffering there are, which to witness is almost to profane. None went near them; and the few dear friends that were in the house dropped away one by one to their own homes. The servants watched every louder groan that echoed through the stillness of the dark, and in whispers spoke of

the saintly character of the beloved dead. "Too good was she," they said; "too beautiful to live long;" and she who had tended her from her birth showed a ringlet of her hair cut off during her last mortal sleep, while many a tear fell on its golden glow from eyes little used to weep, and sentiments were expressed by those humble folk most affecting in their purity and solemnity;—such is the influence of sacred sorrow on the spirits of all the children of the dust.

Hurried feet were heard descending the stair, and the sound died away at distance in the outer night. The old nurse ventured into the room, and lo! with one arm below the head of the corpse, and the other across its breast, lay the mother in a profound sleep! Both faces were alike pale, and the same angelical smile was on both,—but no one else was present, and it was plain that the father had sought, in his distraction, the less insufferable solitude of the woods or glens, now shone over by the midnight moon and stars.

On he went, blind and deaf to all outward things, yet unconsciously drawn, as if by the power of some invisible spirit, towards the solitary parish church that stood, among its multitude of burial heaps, under the gloom of an old pine-grove. Lonesome was the road he took, up a ravine darkened with trees, and filled with the constant thunder of waterfalls. To his ear the place was silent as the grave. Unappalled he passed along the edges of precipices, and close to the brink of many an abyss, like one walking in his sleep, and to whom danger is not, because he has no fear. The confused sense of some unimaginable calamity drove him along; for his soul in its passion could no longer grapple with realities, and all it knew was that there had been most dismal death. Misery more than man could endure was quaking at his heart—but his reason was so shaken, that it lost hold of the cause why of all God's creatures on this wretched earth he should be the most wretched, and thus ordered out

for ever and ever into the haunted wilderness.

There came a pause to his agony, and lifting up his eyes, once more he knew the heavens, and wept. Then the image of his child lay before him, with its face looking up to all those glorious luminaries, and he remembered that she was dead. His seat was a gravestone—the shadows of the church-tower lay across the moonlight burial-ground—and the far-off mysterious murmur of midnight was as a sound from another world.

Then arose, in the silence of that lonesome church-yard, the clamour of a grief that knew not how great it was till, far away from human voice and eye, it thus poured itself forth like a torrent, sounding along when all living things were asleep. All the blessings that Providence had bestowed,—so many, so pure, so high, and so undeserved,—were now all forgotten, or remembered in bitterness of spirit, almost with an upbraiding ingratitude. "What means the goodness of God, since he has gathered all his gifts into one, and then destroyed them all by one dread decree? Better, oh better far, that she had never been born,—that smiles such as hers had never been, since they have all passed away,—that mine eyes had never seen her kneeling in prayer,—that— Oh thou great, and thou dreadful God! is her voice indeed mute for ever?—Can it be that our Emmeline is dead,—and soon, soon to be buried among these hideous tombstones?" He dashed himself down on a cold stone slab, green with the mosses of many years, and writhing like a wounded worm, muttered curses on his existence, supplications for pardon, wailings for the dead, and prayers in behalf of her over whom, although he now knew it not, God had thrown the mantle of a profound sleep, out of which she was to awake in perfect resignation, even with her only child lying a corpse in her bosom!

A shadow moved over the church-yard, there was a sound as of steps,

and the miserable man felt himself in the presence of some one whom he could not yet discern.—The feeling of that presence disarmed his grief,—something like shame for his weakness blended with the recollection of its rueful cause,—and starting to his feet, by a sudden effort of self-command he prepared himself to be seen and spoken to by one of his fellow-Christians. The figure of an old man stood close beside him, and he at once recognized the solemn countenance of him who had been praying to his daughter on her death-bed. It seemed as if tears were in those aged eyes; pity overspread all his features, pity was in his locks white as the snow, pity trembled in his folded hands, and pity bent down that body more even than the weight of three score and ten years. "My son, this is a sacred place, and God will to the prayers of a contrite heart send down peace from heaven—even the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. I bid thee to be of good cheer,—for where can mortal creatures like us so feel the vanity of sorrow as in the field of graves?"

There was a long silence, during which the heavens became more serene, each large lustrous star seeming nearer to the earth, and the solitary church-yard to be received into the very bosom of the sky. The soul of the bereaved father felt its immortality; and the dreadful darkness rolled off from the decrees of Providence. The mystery of the dream of life grew more supportable; and he thought he heard the voice of an angel singing a hymn. Well known and dearly beloved was that voice! For many blessed years it had been heard amidst the shadow and sunshine of this earth; but now it wavered away far off into the blue celestial depths, murmuring a holy, almost a joyful, farewell.

The old man bent over his son and wept. "O father, for by that name from youth upwards have I loved to call thee, join with me in humblest supplication to heaven for pardon of my mad impiety!"

They knelt down together,—he, that grey-headed man, who had long been familiar with sorrow, and well acquainted with grief, and he that had never before bowed down at the bidding of a broken heart. The sighing and the sobbing were all now from the breast of him who had seemed unassailable to earthly troubles. Drenched were his wrinkled cheeks with tears, and he bowed his white hairs down even to the flowers that smiled in the moonlight on a grassy grave.

“O my son! pray thou also for thy poor old father! for know that only a few hours before I left my home to pray by little Emmeline’s bed, my own daughter,—the sole daughter of my age,—was called away from me,—my Lucy lies like thy Emmeline—no more—no more than dust!”

O the great goodness, and the exceeding love of the human heart, that all life-long has been under the inspiration of a heaven-born faith! Utterly desolate was now the house of this aged minister of religion!—no one now to accompany him on his evening walk;—to read the chapter at morning and evening prayer;—to watch the daily change that steals over the face and the frame of him who had nearly reached the hill-foot of his pilgrimage; and to close his eyes at last when willingly they shall have become blind to this weary world!

The son now laid himself down at his father’s feet, and in tenderest and most reverential embracement, bathed them in contrite tears. It was now his turn to be the comforter; and in that awful trance, his own affliction changed into a sadness near akin to peace. He remembered that God chasteneth those he loves; the image of his wife, so beautiful in her resignation, and at

that very hour cheered and strengthened by dreams sent from heaven, was brought suddenly before him; the promises contained in the Book of Life, holier and firmer far than any vows that can ever breathe from the lips of creatures of the clay, became embodied in those scriptural expressions so charged with love divine; and between the place where he and his father now stood, once more tranquil and without a groan, and the light of all those glorious stars and constellations, appeared for a moment the Shadow of a Cross.

The old man was the first to speak, and after that short fit of passion, his soul had subsided into the habitual and holy calm that broods over the declining years of the pious. Old age, too, by a gracious dispensation of Providence, becomes subdued in all its affections. Intense emotion it can contemplate with quiet sympathy in others; but when standing on the confines of another world, rightly considers all such emotion in its own case vanity of vanities. The past is as a painful or a pleasant dream; the future is felt to be the sole reality. He had parted with his daughter for a little while, and why should that little while be disturbed, blending as it was perceptibly with the dawning of an eternal day? “We shall meet, my son, on the sabbath-day, in the house of God. One funeral sermon will suffice for them both—your Emmeline and my Lucy—few tears now have I to shed,—you may have many,—let them flow freely at morning and evening sacrifice.”

Again and again they embraced one another with mutual benedictions; and then parted, each on the way to his own dwelling; the old man into the gloom of the upper glen, and his son away down the light that bathed the vale widening towards the plain and the sea.

THE AUDIENCE AND THE VISIT.

POSSESSED with the mania for projects and speculations, after having wasted all my patrimony in plans, morals, memorials, experiments, and schemes, I arrived at a certain metropolis (which I do not deem it prudent to name), with a plan of such vast importance and so feasible, that I conceived the government could do no less than furnish me with funds sufficient to carry it into execution, and that the nation would erect statues in honour of me, in every public place. My project was to unite two rivers by means of a navigable canal, which would not only greatly facilitate the communication between different provinces, and render considerable districts more fertile, but likewise extend commerce, promote navigation, and quadruple agricultural produce; in short, the reign of Saturn was to return once more upon the earth, attended with all those blessings which, with their usual veracity, poets have delighted to attribute to it. As I yielded to no former projector in the grandeur of my scheme, so was I behind hand with none in disinterestedness and generosity; for, in return for these public advantages, I demanded nothing—absolutely nothing, for myself. All that I required was, that government should advance me capital for the undertaking, and should give me the exclusive privilege of collecting the tolls and duties arising from the canal; than which nothing can be more reasonable, since we ought all of us to live by our own labours, and I have read in some writer on political economy, that a man's ideas are as much his own property as an estate or any other possession.

I applied myself most studiously to carry my project into execution: I drew up a memorial, formed estimates and maps, and, thus prepared, presented myself at the minister's, of whom I requested an audience.

At first, I had to address myself to a porter, who was not particularly affable or civil; next to an attendant, who seemed to think himself very condescending in even noticing me; and then to a secretary, who spoke only in monosyllables. At length, after repeated visits and applications, I obtained the desired interview, at which I presented myself with all the confidence of one who is already sure of success. I was so fortunate as to be ordered to read my memorial, which I forthwith did, in an emphatic tone of voice, while his excellency continued to play with a little terrier. As soon as I had finished reading, the following dialogue took place:—"Your project is utterly impracticable; nothing can be made of it."—"If your lordship would be so kind as to tell me your reasons for thinking so—"—"My reasons! there is no occasion for reasoning about it. I tell you it will not do."—"Yet I flatter myself—"—"To no purpose. In the first place an exclusive privilege cannot be granted."—"Yet in a project of such vast utility—"—"In the next place, these two rivers are dry nearly half the year."—"But I had been informed—"—"Lastly, the canal would touch upon the royal park, and his majesty is passionately fond of game, which would thus be scared away."—"This last reason is an all-sufficient one. I now abandon the plan altogether, and beg your lordship to excuse me."

I returned home, struck with admiration of his excellency's extensive information on all that related to the subject, and of his zeal for the interests of his king; and having deposited my papers in my portfolio, went to the opera. I had hardly entered the house, when I perceived the handsome Marchioness ——— in her box, to whom I had been introduced some months before at Paris, and whom I knew to pos-

sess considerable influence with diplomatists, ministers, marshals, and journalists. I immediately went to her, and related my adventure. On hearing my story, the marchioness laughed heartily, telling me, however, at the same time, not to be discouraged, as the minister was a particular friend of hers, and every thing should be arranged to my wishes. "Obtain for me, then, another audience——" "By no means," returned the marchioness, "but you shall make him a visit. Come to me to-morrow evening at nine o'clock; and leave the rest to me."

Accordingly, the following evening I was punctual to the hour, having dressed myself suitably to the occasion. We got into the marchioness's carriage, and drove to the minister's, where the attendants received us as the intimate friends of his excellency. Scarcely had we entered the saloon, when my protectress took the minister aside, and when the conference was ended, he condescended to call me to him, and the following dialogue took place:—"Well, Sir, how does your plan go on?"—"Very badly, your excellency. The difficulties which I perceive will attend its execution——"—"Leave all preamble, and tell me at once what these great difficulties are."—"In the first place an exclu-

sive privilege cannot be granted."—"To be sure we do not grant them on every occasion, but when a man of merit and a most useful project are concerned, there will be no difficulty in this respect."—"And then, as the rivers are apt to be dried up——"—"Who can possibly have told you such an idle story. They actually overflow every year, and occasion great damage by doing so."—"Yet his majesty is so passionately fond of game——"—"Aye, on the table,—but he has never, in all his life, even handled a fowling-piece. No, sir, these are idle objections. There is no difficulty whatever in the business. See my secretary in the morning, and he will adjust every thing."

In fact, I waited the next day on that personage, whom I found most eager to serve me; the attendant of whom I before complained was most courteous, and even the porter seemed to have been studying politeness. In short, the project obtained the requisite sanction; and when I went to thank the marchioness for her kind services, not forgetting an elegant cachemire shawl and a diamond necklace, as trifling marks of my gratitude, she laughed heartily, and said, you now know the difference there is between an *Audience* of, and a *Visit* to, a great man.

TARSHISH.

Howl! ye children of rich Tarshish, for your dwellings are laid low,
And a wilderness your streets are made by the spoilings of your foe;
Though joyous once your city shone, uplifted in her pride,
Though her merchants were as princes, and her fame flew far and wide,
Though she stood the queen of nations once, rich, turreted and strong,
She is now a dream that hath been, the echo of a song!

The God of Heaven hath humbled you, to prove how weak and vain
Your boasted power and pageantry, your wealth and purple train;
He only stretched his hand out, and your commerce was no more,
And the ocean waves beat burthenless upon your voiceless shore;
Your structures lie in ruined heaps, your riches far are fled,
And where they late were treasured up the Dragon rears his head!

Where are your prince-robed merchants now in costly garments clad,
The feasting and the revelry with which your hearts were glad—
Your full-fraught fleets from distant lands, that on a foreign sea
Spread their exulting sails abroad, and sought your haven free?

The blast of desolation hath wreck'd them in the storm,
 And of their power there now remains no shadow of a form !
 Howl ! ye children of rich Tarshish, for your dwellings are laid low,
 And a wilderness your streets are made by the spoilings of your foe !

VARIETIES.

ANECDOTE OF A HYENA.

IN the year 1819, there was brought to the royal menagerie of the Schoenbrunn, a male hyena, of Africa, which had been taken by a trap, in which it lost the paw of the right hind leg. It had then on a collar of iron, which, as it appeared too tight, they used every means in their power to loosen, but without effect, it being found too dangerous to approach closely to this ferocious animal. It continued, therefore, to bear the collar for the space of four years, suffering the greatest torture, as the iron was every day sinking into the flesh. When M. Van Aken brought his polar bear to the menagerie, he saw, for the first time, the hyena, which was then become so furious, that it was dangerous to approach within four or five yards of the cage. He often retreated to the bottom of the cage, in order to spring forward with more impetuosity—emitting the most hideous cries, and endeavouring to seize in his claws every thing which was near the door. Van Aken, after some examination, promised the keeper of the menagerie to free the animal from the collar, without the least danger. On the 20th of June, about nine o'clock, he caused a piece of oak wood to be thrown into the cage, when the hyena immediately pounced on it with such fury, as to drive its teeth half an inch into the wood; and, though having greatly wounded his tongue, he was reluctant, or incapable of extricating himself from the wood. This was what Van Aken expected. A rope was instantly thrown around the animal's body, to draw it to the door of the cage; which being done, they tied its legs, and, having got it out of the cage, muzzled it. Notwithstanding the danger of this operation, no

danger was apprehended, it being performed with so much address and expertness. Of twelve persons who were present, not one expressed a wish to withdraw. As soon as the muzzle was put on, the animal became quite tranquil. But the most difficult part was yet to be performed—to take off the collar and clean the wounds, which had existed five years, and the filthy matter of which emitted a most intolerable smell; the collar was surrounded with a great quantity of unsound and putrid flesh. The hyena became so tranquil during this part of the operation, that it seemed as if it were sensible of the service rendered;—but when they were about to apply to the wound a mixture, composed of the spirits of wine, with vinegar and salt, the pain which the animal felt caused all his fury to return; and, though his feet and head were bound fast, by a sudden contortion of the back and neck, he plunged two feet above the ground. It required all the strength of five men to hold him and rub the wounds. It was still very difficult, after he was carried to a new cage, larger than the former one, and placed by the side of a female hyena, to unloose his feet, and take off the muzzle. These operations were executed with the same success as the preceding one,—the precaution being first taken of holding the head and legs by means of cords, which were let loose at once, when the animal, finding itself disengaged, made a desperate plunge in the cage, and threw off the muzzle to a considerable distance. All was done without any person being wounded, or even slightly scratched. When food was given to the hyena in front of the cage, they continued to make injections of the above mixture upon

the wound. It has been lately freed from its fatal collar, which would certainly have soon caused its death,—its wounds are visibly healed. It has become tranquil; and M. Van Aken has thus preserved to the menagerie a very rare and curious animal.

METHOD OF GILDING LIVE FISH.

The following recipe for gilding live fish is from the posthumous papers of Mr. Hooke. Put some Burgundy pitch into a new earthen pot, and warm the vessel till it receives so much of the pitch as will stick round it; then strew some finely powdered amber over the pitch when growing cold; add a mixture of three pounds of linseed oil, and one pound of oil of turpentine, cover the vessel, and boil the contained ingredients over a gentle fire; grind the mixture as it is wanted, with so much pumice stone in fine powder as will reduce it to the consistence of paint. When the fish has been wiped dry, this mixture is spread upon it, and the gold leaf laid over it, and gently pressed down, after which, the fish may be immediately put into the water, and the cement will harden, and be in no danger of falling off. This may be performed upon cray-fish, carp, &c. without injuring the fish.

PRISON LIFE.

A Frenchman who had been several years confined, for debt, in the Fleet Prison, found himself so much at home within its walls, and was withal, so harmless and inoffensive a character, that the jailor occasionally permitted him to recreate himself, by spending his evenings abroad, without any apprehension of the forfeiture of his verbal engagement.—His little earnings as a jack of all trades, enabled him to form several pot-house connexions; and these led him by degrees, to be less and less punctual in his return, at the appointed hour of nine. "I'll tell you what it is Mounseer," at length, said the jailor to him, "You are a good fellow, but I am afraid you have lately got into bad company; so I tell

you once for all, that if you do not keep better hours, and come back in good time, I shall be under the necessity of locking you out altogether."

REVENGE ON BANKERS.

A simple Scotchman (for it appears there is such a thing in the world) who had £100 in one of the Scotch banks, became alarmed during the late run, and went to draw it, when he was paid in notes of the bank. Saunders grasped them firm in his hand, and exclaimed as he crossed the threshold, "Now you may break when you like." This reminds us of an Irish story in the rebellion: some bankers had rendered themselves particularly odious to the rebels, the consequence of which was, that the whole of their notes, whenever they fell into the hands of the rebels, were immediately destroyed. At every burning there was a shout raised, "There goes some of the rascal's money!"

HALF A DOZEN BON MOTS, BULLS, &c.

A young lady having given a gentleman, who was not very remarkable for his taste in dress, a playful slap on the face, he called out, "You have made my eye *smart*."—"Indeed!" said she. "Well, I am happy to have been the cause of making something *smart* about you."

The celebrated Lord Faulkland being brought early into the House of Commons, a grave member objected to his *youth*, and said, "He looked as if he had not sown his *wild oats*."—"The young Lord replied with great quickness, "Then I am come to the proper place, where there is a *goose* to pick them up!"

An intelligent and amusing traveller says, that a Portuguese beggar, when going to solicit charity, puts on his *best* clothes. This circumstance places the Portuguese mendicants far above our *beggars*, who have usually but one set of *habits*, all of which are *equally* bad.

M. Duclaz, a French philosopher, has just published "*A Treatise for dissipating Storms*!" He thinks it

will be read by all the *married men in Europe.*

The Limerick Journal observes, that the best mode to *prevent* school-boys from being drowned, is to take care that they be not *suffered to go into the water.*

A country magistrate lately observed at the quarter sessions, "that the county *madhouse* was in a very *crazy state!*"

DEATH OF A TIGER.

An instance of bravery and presence of mind occurred not far from Bhaugundee, some months ago, which is well worth notice. A party of wood-cutters, under the protection of five armed Burgundauzes, were proceeding to their work, about six coss from the station, when being in a very thick part of the jungle, they perceived a large tiger at a short distance, approaching them slowly in a crouching attitude. On the alarm being given, the whole gang immediately fled, excepting two brothers (slender up-countrymen), who were in advance of the others, and either saw the inutility of following their example, or judged it safer to oppose the savage; one of them accordingly, levelling his piece, fired at the moment when the tiger, raising his head, was in the act of springing. The ball took effect in the breast of the animal, and caused him to drop on his knees for a second, but instantly recovering, he rushed forward and threw himself upon the Burgundauz. At this critical period the tiger must have been in a dying state, for the man declared he retained his standing position, and instinctively grasping the fore-legs of the tiger, he was able, by exerting all his strength, to bend the head and shoulders towards the ground, and his brother, who was at hand, gave the *coup de grace* with his fixed bayonet. The brave fellow was brought afterwards in a dooly to the station, where the wounds he had received were found to be all on the left side, chiefly about the face, neck, and breast. None of these were very serious, and he recovered entirely in a fortnight.

SCOTCH MACHEATH; OR, RETRIBUTION.

It is pretty generally known that the MAIDEN, an instrument for beheading criminals, was introduced into Scotland by Earl Moston, and that he was the first person who suffered by it. M. Guillotine, a French surgeon, who gave his name to an improvement of the Maiden, which became so dreadful an engine of vengeance during the French revolution, also suffered by his own invention. A more obscure person than either of these fell into his own snare. This was Deacon Brodie, who was executed about thirty years ago for robbing the Excise-office in Edinburgh. He was a man of good birth, and his manners more of the Macheath than any culprit that has appeared for the last half century. This gay Deacon of the Carpenters of Edinburgh invented the drop by which all criminals now suffer in Britain, and, strange to say, he was the first man who was hanged on his own commodious gallows. His friends had some notion that the new invention might not do the business so effectually as the old leap from a ladder in the Grass-market, and they prevailed on him to adopt some device of a silver tube inserted in the windpipe, for the purpose of still further reducing the chances. The Deacon came forth very gaily with his silver tube, a well dressed peruke, and a very grand silk waistcoat; but, alas! "Brodie's drop" was too much for Brodie! The Deacon's body resisted every effort that was made towards producing re-animation; and although a foolish story was circulated of his having revived, and become a leading member of Congress in the United States of America, yet it is certain that his own drop finished his life.

MRS. SIDDONS.

Some of Mrs. Siddons's earliest acting days were passed in Worcester (Eng.). Her father had interdicted his daughter from marrying an actor; she, however, encouraged the addresses of Siddons, who did not rank very high in his profession,

playing all sorts of characters, from Hamlet to Harlequin. They were ultimately married; and after the nuptials, old Kemble said to a friend, "I can't say that my daughter has disobeyed me, for in marrying Siddons it can't be said that she has married an actor."

LIVING PICTURES.

The manager of one of the theatres at Berlin has carried into effect the singular idea of imitating various well-known pictures, by groups of living persons, and accompanying the representation by music analogous to the subject. The "Crowning of Apollo," after Schinkel, is accompanied by a duet of Weber's, from his opera of Epimenides; "Joseph before Pharaoh," after Raphael, by the celebrated romance of Joseph in Egypt, by Mehul; "The finding of Moses," after Raphael, by a chorus by Naumann; "A Sale of Cupids," after a Herculaneum bas-relief, by the grand trio in Rossini's Armida; "Mars, Victory, and Bacchantes," another remains of Herculaneum, by a chorus in Mehul's Uthal; "A Procession of the Muses," by one of Naumann's choruses; "The Prince of Geldern condemning his Father to Prison," after Rembrandt, by one of Catel's choruses; "The Violin Player," after Jan Steen, by a chorus of peasants, by Weber, &c. This new kind of spectacle appears to delight the public of Berlin exceedingly. —

RIVAL LANDLORDS HOAXED.

After the defeat of the French at the battle of Leipsic, that city became full of a mixed medley of soldiers, of all arms, and of all nations; of course a great variety of coin was in circulation there.—A British private who was attached to the rocket brigade, and who had picked up a little broken French and German, went to the largest hotel in Leipsic, and displaying an English shilling to the landlord, inquired if this piece of coin was current there. "Oh, yes," replied he, "you may have whatever the house affords for that money, it passes current here at present."

Our fortunate Bardolph, finding himself in such compliant quarters, called about him most lustily, and the most sumptuous dinner the house could afford, washed down by bottles of the most expensive wines, were dispatched without ceremony. On going away, he tendered at the bar the single identical shilling, which the landlord had inadvertently led him to expect was to perform such wonders. The stare, the shrug, and the exclamation excited from "mine host of the garter," by such a tender, may be more easily conceived than expressed. An explanation much to the dissatisfaction of the landlord, took place, who quickly found, not only that nothing more was likely to be got, but also the laugh would be tremendously against him. This part of the profits he had a very christian wish to divide with his neighbour. Taking his guest to the street-door of the hotel, he requested him to look over the way. "Do you see," said he, "the large hotel opposite? That fellow, the landlord of it, is my sworn rival, and nothing can keep this story from his ears, in which case I shall never hear the last of it. Now, my good fellow, you are not only welcome to your entertainment, but I will instantly give you a five franc piece into the bargain, if you will promise, on the word of a soldier, to attempt the trick with him to-morrow, that succeeded with me so well to day." Our veteran took the money, and accepted the conditions; but having buttoned up the silver very securely in his pocket, he took his leave of the landlord, with the following speech and a bow, that did no discredit to Leipsic;—"Sir, I deem myself in honor bound to use my utmost endeavors to put your wishes in execution. I shall certainly do all that I can, but must candidly inform you, that I fear I shall not succeed, since I played the very same trick on that gentleman yesterday, and it is to his particular advice alone, that you are indebted for the honor of my company to day."